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Portrait of Giorgio Cornaro

TIZIANO VECELLI

No. 26 of Catalogue

Portrait of Giorgio Cornaro

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OF THE PAINTERS REPRESENTED IN

Mr. E. F. Milliken's Collection

W. GEDNEY BUNCE

The art of W. Gedney Bunce is identified with the city of his choice. He has long made his home in Venice, and pictures her with the quiet reserve of intimacy; having a special fondness for the delicate moods of atmosphere, veiling the brilliant coloring in mystery. In this preference may linger something of the influence of his early training under Paul Jean Clays, in Antwerp, whither he proceeded after some preliminary study with William Hart. Clays was the first painter of the sea to break with the old traditions of storm and furor, and to paint the normal aspects of the water, varying under different moods of light and atmosphere: the magical charm of morning, the golden brilliancy of evening twilight, and the infinite variety of tones which light produces upon waves. These ideals and the quiet sincerity of spirit which prompts them belong equally to Mr. Bunce.

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE

Eagerly assimilative and with a temperament sensitively alert, William M. Chase has few rivals among American painters in resourcefulness of technique and artistic feel-

ing in many mediums; working in oil, water color, pastels, and etching with equal ease and certainty. To this must be added a perennial freshness of study, which has kept him continually familiar with the galleries of Europe, and the influence which he has exerted at home over a wide circle of students.

He was born in Franklin, Indiana, in 1849, and when still young became a pupil of B. F. Hayes in Indianapolis, afterwards practising in the West as a painter of portraits and still life. Then he came to New York and entered the schools of the National Academy of Design, studying also with J. O. Eaton until 1872, when he migrated to the Royal Academy at Munich. There he was the pupil of Alexander Wagner and Karl Piloty, and under this influence produced such good genre pictures of the German style as "The Court Fool." About 1883 appeared his portraits of the painters Frank Duveneck and F. S. Church, and a number of landscapes of Venice and the American coast. These proved that he had passed out of the influence of Piloty into a search for light colors and brilliant sunshine. Then followed the influence of Whistler and of the study of Velasquez and the appreciation of the subtleties of tone. Thus he has run the gamut of the chief artistic movements and revivals of the past quarter of a century, and has acquired an eclecticism very individual to himself and distinguishably modern in spirit.

His landscapes, especially those painted near his summer home on the Shinnecock Hills, are brilliant examples of actuality, seen and rendered in true painter fashion and with an evident joyousness. Deeper quality of feeling appears in his portraits; those of women and young girls, especially, revealing a charming tenderness, and in still

life he often shows a fulness of æsthetic purpose most impressive. Then again he will fling upon his canvas some scrap of studio or domestic genre, fascinating in its lightsomeness of motive. Whether skimming the surface or stirring deeper water, his craft is always graceful and cunningly handled.

PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

1824–1898

In the art of Puvis de Chavannes, so tranquil and aloof from the manners of his time, enclosed within the walls of his own sturdy self-contained personality, there is some analogy with a mountain lake that is fed by innumerable rivulets. Busy and bubbling, they lose themselves in the infinite calm of the still, transparent water. For, while Puvis yielded to no direct influence, he absorbed the movements of his time and the influence of several masters, merging them into his own distinct personality. Thus his work, classic in conception and spirit, shows a reliance upon form, though not after the manner of the academicians: it is so far realistic that it is based upon an intimate study of facts both in the human figure and in landscape; and it is poetical, but with a moral or philosophical significance. Above all, it is abstract. This was the personal element that tinged each influence and received them all into one single unity.

With him the idea was the significant thing. His poetry

"attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact." All his study of the fact was to reach the idea which it embodied, and it was but natural that his conception and the spirit of his work should be classic. The study of his whole art life was to force himself from the material and to express the abstract; to subtilize his color and to simplify his design; to extract from the human figure and from landscape their essential characteristics; to express even in a gesture the spiritual impulse that prompts the play of muscle. In this way he attains the simplicity of the primitive Italian painters, but by a reverse process; for they were simple from lack of knowledge, while he attained simplicity by the shredding off of what he could do and by a recognition of the largeness that is to be reached by being simple. Nor was this the bias of a nature emasculated and visionary. Puvis was a man of sturdy physique, practised in athletic exercises, a *bon vivant*, who, after a day of unremitting labor with doors closed to everybody, could enjoy the concrete delights of a good dinner. "Understand, I am not a saint," he said to a friend; "in art there cannot and ought not to be saints. One does beautiful things only by loving woman and voluptuousness and all that is good." This is the philosophy of *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*, but with a difference from the ordinary acceptation that his work is not drowned in natural impulses, but done in the calm that follows after, with the recollection only of the passion.

He was by birth a Burgundian, a Lyonnais by education, a poet in temperament, by training analytical and exact. His family, an aristocratic one, had been settled for three centuries in Burgundy, and his father was Engineer of Bridges and Roads at Lyons. The young Puvis had the

advantage of a classic and scientific education, and after completing his studies at Lyons, entered the Lycée Henri IV. in Paris and later the École Polytechnique. After a visit to Italy he joined the atelier of Henri Scheffer. Then came a second visit to Italy, followed by brief attendances of fifteen days and three months, respectively, in the studios of Delacroix and Couture. For Scheffer he retained all his life a feeling of regard: the influence of Delacroix and that of Couture was received from their work rather than their teaching, and both have left traces even in his method of painting, just as the impressions received of the Italians, Piero della Francisca, Fra Angelico, Signorelli, and Ghirlandajo, more or less abided with him throughout his life. As John La Farge says, "A character so sensitive as his absorbed a great deal of what he saw." How these various influences consciously affected him may be gathered from his own words: "Be on your guard—distrust tradition. Tradition is only a guide; there is a tradition of error as well as a tradition of truth, and man knows to his sorrow which of the two is more active. Go not to the most brilliant, the most skilful, the most surprising enchanters, but to the sincerest, the simplest—to those who have not thought of astonishing you, but of charming you. Love them and understand them, and far from taking you away from nature, they will continually bring you back to her."

The logic of his mind was perpetually in the direction of repose and calm; the logic of his technique perpetually towards greater simplification, the voluntary abandonment of what is of trivial or only secondary interest. In both cases the logic which began in himself may have been pursued more relentlessly from an instinctive distrust of

the turmoil of art around him, its exaggerated appeals and magnification of the little. Unappreciated as he was at first, he more and more found a refuge within the calm and simplicity of his own character, and made these the foremost qualities of his technical expression. That the simplification was carried so far as to result at times in a barrenness of effect can hardly be denied: color becoming attenuated until it is almost colorless; form and features reduced to a mere indication; draperies ascetic even to niggardliness. In fact, the eye will often have to purge itself of accustomed predilections before it can fit itself to see the subject as Puvis saw it. But, granted that there are limitations, defects if you will, the greatness of Puvis is largely due to the strength he has gathered from his weakness; to his acceptance of limitations as inevitable, but to his control of the same until he compels from them some value. He followed Napoleon's advice: "Il faut savoir se borner." Writing to a young friend in Italy, he says: "The sight of such lovely countries must give you riches of many kinds. As for me, my dear child, my part in the battle is well determined and well limited, and I bring my supplies from nowhere else but France. I, too, have seen a great yellow river, but it was made of all the mud of the province of La Bresse; and yet some flowering bushes and perfumed groves were ravishing. All this is nothing but chamber music compared to the powerful harmonies that must have struck you; but it also has its own grandeur, and its calm grace is very penetrating." Grandeur, calm, and penetrating grace—surely these qualities, despite limitations of technique, perhaps even because of them, saturate his pictures, especially his mural paintings. In these his beautiful equi-

librium of lines and spaces; the faint and diffused color which seems rather to have grown out of the material of the building than to have been applied to it; the abstract character of the conception, suggesting instead of insisting upon an interpretation, combine to produce a decoration essentially architectural, because it involves the same elements as the architecture itself should involve. The building and architecture are wedded as man and woman.

The years between 1890 and 1898 brought him long-deferred triumph. But it was too late; he had so long walked alone with himself and his ideas, self-wrapt and self-reliant, that the world's approval affected him as little as its scorn or indifference.

Two years before his death he was nursed through a serious illness by the Princess Cantacuzène, the intimate friend of thirty years, and on his recovery they were married. Her death some eighteen months later left him but one desire—to finish his great picture of Saint Geneviève, begun the year before, and to follow her. But his labor at her sick bed and the shock of her loss had finally undermined his strength, and the picture was never finished. When after several weeks of suffering he felt the end at hand, he thanked his friends for their services and asked them to retire, that he might die alone.

His art was not a part of him, it was himself; and he, to those who knew him, was a brave and loyal gentleman, of high purpose and serene will—sincere, urbane, and modest.

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE CORÔT

1796–1875

Was there ever a happier man than Père Corôt, or one better loved by his friends? Happiness and lovableness breathe from his pictures. He had inherited the wholesome hardiness of the middle-class French character; its orderliness and balance, and its shrewd, genial, sprightly cheerfulness. His father, a hair-dresser in the Rue du Bac, number 37, married a milliner's assistant, who worked at number 1, near the Pont Royal. Two years after the birth of Camille, Madame Corôt took over the millinery business, and with such success that under Napoleon I. Corôt became court milliner. He sent his son to the high school at Rouen, and afterwards apprenticed him to a linen-draper's establishment. When Camille was twenty-three his father yielded to his desire to be an artist, and promised him a yearly allowance of twelve hundred francs, which he doubled twenty-three years later, when his son received the cross of the Legion of Honor; for, as he said, "Camille seems to have talent after all."

Corôt entered the studio of Victor Bertin, and for five years pursued the orthodox course of classic training, afterwards visiting Rome and Naples in the company of his master. There he remained two and a half years, returning in 1827 to exhibit at the Salon. Other visits to Italy were made in 1835 and 1845; and it was only after this third visit that his eyes were opened to the charm of French landscape. He was nearly forty years old when he set himself to become the new Corôt whom the world

now knows and delights in, and ten years were passed in maturing his new ideals. Troyon was forty-five when he formed himself, and had only ten years left in which to do the real work of his life; but Corôt, although fifty when his art was finally ripened, had yet another twenty-five years in which to gather the harvest.

He had discovered the secret of rendering air and light. The "Christ upon the Mount of Olives," painted in 1844, and now in the Museum of Langres, is the first picture which seems like a convert's confession of faith. One might pass the Christ over unobserved; but the star shining far away, the transparent clearness of the night-sky, the light clouds, and the mysterious shadows gliding swiftly over the ground—these have no more to do with the false, and already announce the true, Corôt. In the most characteristic works of his best period he represents the antipodes of his friend Rousseau. Rousseau was dispassionately objective in his point of view, a master of form and construction, rich in color, while Corôt, weaker in drawing, saw objects in masses, narrowed the range of his palette, delighting particularly in dark olive greens and pure grays, and viewed nature as a medium for the expression of his own poet-dreams; the one magnificently powerful, the other infinitely tender. "Rousseau is an eagle," Corôt himself said, "while I am a lark that pulses forth little songs in my gray clouds."

His father had given him, in 1817, a little house at Ville d'Avray, and here or at Barbizon he spent his time when he was not at Paris. How he felt toward nature (for feeling was eminently the method of his approach) may be gathered from a letter to Jules Dupré, in which he describes the day of a landscape painter: "One gets up

early, at three in the morning, before the sun; one goes and sits at the foot of a tree; one watches and waits. One sees nothing much at first. Nature resembles a whitish canvas on which are sketched scarcely the profiles of some masses; everything is perfumed, and shines in the fresh breath of dawn. Bing! The sun grows bright, but has not yet torn asunder the veil behind which lie concealed the meadows, the dale, and hills of the horizon. The vapors of night still creep, like silvery flakes, over the numbed-green vegetation. Bing! Bing!—a first ray of sunlight—a second ray of sunlight—the little flowers seem to wake up joyously. They all have their drop of dew which trembles—the chilly leaves are stirred with the breath of morning—in the foliage the birds sing unseen—all the flowers seem to be saying their prayers. Loves on butterfly wings frolic over the meadow and make the tall plants wave—one sees nothing—everything is there—the landscape is entirely behind the veil of mist, which mounts, mounts, sucked up by the sun; and, as it rises, reveals the river, plated with silver, the meadows, trees, cottages, the receding distance—one distinguishes at last everything that one divined at first."

How spontaneous a commentary upon his pictures of early morning—nature in masses, fresh and fragrant, the "numbed green" of the vegetation, the shiver of leaves and the twinkling of flowers, the river plated with silver, and the sky suffused with misty light!

In the same letter he describes the evening: "Nature drowses—the fresh air, however, sighs among the leaves—the dew decks the velvety grass with pearls. The nymphs fly—hide themselves—and desire to be seen. Bing!—a star in the sky which pricks its image on the

pool. Charming star, whose brilliance is increased by the quivering of the water, thou watchest me—thou smilest to me with half-closed eye. Bing!—a second star appears in the water, a second eye opens. Be the harbingers of welcome, fresh and charming stars. Bing! bing! bing! —three, six, twenty stars. All the stars in the sky are keeping tryst in this happy pool. Everything darkens, the pool alone sparkles. There is a swarm of stars—all yields to illusion. The sun being gone to bed—the inner sun of the soul, the sun of art, awakes. *Bon!* there is my picture done."

And very literally his pictures were done in this way during the last part of his life. Forty years of practice with the brush had rendered the actual record of the scene comparatively easy, and this he made in Paris, between which and nature he divided his affection. But the picture itself had been made during his periods of contemplation at Ville d'Avray or Barbizon. Suggestive, also, is his allusion in this letter to the nymphs, that hide themselves desiring to be seen. Corôt, though foremost among the men who gave the final quietus to classical landscape, was really more classic than the classicists. More ordinary minds, like Poussin's, had been captivated by the forms of Italian landscape and the elegant pageantry of classic architecture; while the poetic spirit of Corôt had found affinity with the indwelling genius of the scene. He could realize the Oreads, Dryads, and Nereids sporting among the hills, groves, and water-courses. They were the necessary accompaniment of the childlike glimpse of nature, the anthropomorphic view which is the child-man's. Solitude is terrible; so also the intrusion of the actual; like the ancients he peopled nature with beings of his own crea-

tion; sweetly impersonal, responsive only to his own mood. In the picture of "St. Sebastian" in this collection, he has seen with the physical eye as well as with the eye of the imagination; representing the fact of the martyred saint, as well as the vision of the glory that awaits him. It is the double viewpoint that characterizes the religious pictures of the earlier Renaissance, but its realization here in the exquisite landscape, directly inspired by nature—in which, too, the exquisiteness of nature is the largest and most abiding impression—accentuates the separateness of fact and fancy.

To Corôt life was one unbroken harmony. "Rien ne trouble sa fin, c'est le soir d'un beau jour." His sister, with whom the old bachelor lived, died in the October of 1874. On February 23d of the following year, when he had just completed his seventy-ninth year, he was heard to say as he lay in bed, drawing in the air with his fingers: "*Mon Dieu*, how beautiful that is; the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen!" On his deathbed his friends brought him the medal struck to commemorate his jubilee, and he said: "It makes me happy to know that one is so loved; I have had good parents and dear friends. I am thankful to God." With these words he passed away—the sweetest poet-painter and the "tenderest soul of the nineteenth century."

C. D. CURRIER

C. D. Currier was born and brought up in Boston; but his art life, although he has paid some visits to his home, has been associated with Munich. There for many years

he has been one of the most distinguished members of the colony of artists; a painter of extraordinary versatility, who will one day execute a portrait in the manner of Rembrandt and on another in that of Franz Hals, meanwhile doing work which is stamped with his own powerful imagination. He is a genius of whom too little is known in this country, and whose pictures are scarce because he painted with little thought of making sales; working upon the impulse of the moment and then throwing the canvas aside, as if, his passion appeased, he had no further interest in the picture. The few that are owned in this country have for the most part been rescued from the dust and confusion of his studio by some of the American students in Munich who recognized their merit and insisted on finding a purchaser for them. His gift of music, though uncultivated, is as remarkable as his genius for painting. He is, indeed, in every fibre of his being an artist.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817–1878

While so many of the painters represented in this collection were daring innovators, Daubigny was the inheritor of the fruits of others' labors. He was the youngest member of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon group, and won early recognition which he increased with time. Yet he had his special métier. While Rousseau, Corôt, Dupré, and Diaz, in their several ways, are painters of

nature, he was a painter of the country. In him, as in the English Constable, the lovableness of the *paysage intime*, the familiar countryside, to which men are attracted by ties of sentiment and daily life, had its faithful exponent. His ripest harvest was gathered along the rivers of France—the Seine and Oise and Marne—which he travelled in a houseboat, fitted up with creature comforts as well as with facilities for painting. The combination is suggestive, for Daubigny by choice took life as he found it, satisfied with its desirableness. He was not an exacting analyst, like Rousseau; or elevated in mood as Dupré; not consciously a poet as Corôt, or a sharer of Diaz's fantastic or exalted conceptions; only, quite simply and normally, a lover of the country.

Such a love of nature is a survival of, or a return to, the simple associations of childhood, and Daubigny in this respect was perpetually a boy. His pictures have the freshness and spontaneity of boyhood, expressed with the virility of a man.

He was born in Paris, but his childhood was spent near L'Isle Adam on the Seine, opposite which he had his home in later years, and the influence of which abode with him all through his life. Belonging to a family of painters, he entered the studio of Delaroche, and in time became a candidate for the Prix de Rome. But by some mistake he failed to present himself at the proper time, and was disqualified. Nothing daunted, he set out for Italy on foot with a friend, and visited Florence, Rome, and Naples, stopping for a while in Subiaco. When their money was becoming exhausted they travelled home on foot, and later Daubigny visited Holland. But neither Italy nor Holland left its mark upon him; he was still

a child of France, grown a little older. He first appeared at the Salon in 1838, and ten years later won a second-class medal and in 1853 a medal of the first class. His position was finally established when Napoleon III. bought his picture of "The Harvest" in 1852. Admitted to the Legion of Honor in 1859, he was made an Officer in 1875. Three years later he died, a victim to the damp atmosphere of the river; and as he died, the name of Corôt was on his lips.

He had more affinity with Corôt than with any other of the famous brotherhood—less with Corôt's classical spirit and deliberately poetic vein than with his sweet, perennial youthfulness of character. He was by nature lovable, with a heart that kept its sweetness fresh and unsullied to the end. The lovableness is reflected in his work.

HILAIRE GERMAIN EDGARD DEGAS

"À vous autres il faut la vie naturelle, à moi la vie factice."

Degas is six years older than Monet. In their early days they were companions at the symposia in the Avenue de Clichy. Monet, muscular, large, and wholesome, sought the country and the pure enjoyment of natural life; Degas, a little man with round shoulders and shuffling walk, sparing and sarcastic in conversation, remained in the city to become the realist of artificial life.

With a contempt for what was banal and an appetite that craved for piquancy, he helped himself, with the nice selection of an epicure, to this and that in other men that could contribute to style. Ingres first attracted him; then the suggestive intimacy and quiet harmonies of Chardin; later Delacroix's fine distinction of gesture and movement, and Manet's large simplicity and fluency of modelling; lastly the example of the Japanese. From the last he took the principle of dispersed composition; the choice of standpoint, allowing the artist to look up from beneath or down from above; decorative feeling; the suggestive method of emphasizing this and suppressing that; the surprise of detail, introduced here and there in a perfectly arbitrary fashion; and, finally, the preference for type rather than for the individual. Out of these various elements he has formed a style marvellously expressive and entirely personal.

In his range of subjects he started with the grace and charming movements of women: trim Parisian laundresses and little shop-girls in their boutiques, the toilet and *négligé* of the women of the world, boudoir scenes, scenes at court and in the boxes of the theatre. And these subjects of women were interspersed with studies of that other product of man's love of pleasure—the race-horse. These lead to the human animal trained and managed for the sport of men—the ballet-girls of the opera house. Ruthlessly he has depicted also the Nanas of society, with vanished charm and unsatiated animalism. By this time he has ceased to care for the charm of women. It fascinates him to strip the modern woman of her finery and show her defects of figure, the product of fashion; to spy upon her in some moment of ungainly gesture; to

depict her in acrobatic contortions, as the Japanese do in their comic and lascivious pictures. Finally, he seeks to pique his jaded appetite by exploring the horrors of Paris by night, lingering over everything that is monstrous, vicious, and degenerate, so far as it may be pictorial.

But the art of Degas is not immoral. At its pleasantest it is unmoral. Women or race-horses, it is all one! The supple movement, clean, muscular limbs, and vibrating energy—these alone fascinate him, and offer material for pictorial expression. Again, those subjects which repel, even while one admires the consummate art displayed in their treatment, are, if anything, moral in their tendency, a terrible commentary upon the *vanitas vanitatum* of pleasure; and the more terrible because they are not prompted by pity but by satiety; a satiety not necessarily of indulgence, but of interest. And it is the extreme evidence of satiety, of contempt no longer calm, but rabid, that makes his later horrors additionally terrible; not for their effect upon ourselves, but for their testimony to his own condition of mind.

Such a remark as the above puts the writer outside the limited number of gourmets who profess to find in these drawings or paintings a "joy in the sublime beauty of ugliness." Such extol the marvellous expressiveness with which a gesture is characterized, and profess themselves indifferent to the ugliness of the gesture; feeling, indeed, an extra satisfaction in the sorcery by which abstract beauty can be extracted from material so unpromising. It is very much a matter of temperament.

In such a picture, however, as "Les Coulisses" in this collection, there is no hindrance to one's pleasure. The

grave distinction of color harmony, the captivating surprise of the unexpected composition, the exquisite lighting, and spontaneous vitality of the figures are alike enjoyable. So, too, in the case of "Les Courses." What a feeling of space, animation of color and composition, and extraordinary vivacity of movement in the horses! To any one familiar with the characteristic action of the racehorse, the springy, twinkling, dapper, nervous movement of the legs as they form a mass of shifting shapes and colors at the post, in the few minutes of suspense before the start, there is no one who can recall the scene as Degas does.

But to him appreciation is a matter of entire indifference. He is said never to have exhibited, and keeps aloof also from Parisian society—an isolated, self-reliant man, who paints to please himself.

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX

1799–1863

In the upheaval of the Revolution, French imagination, needing some basis for its ideals, turned back to the Roman republic. But when the French republic had been swallowed up in Imperialism, and the latter had yielded to the bourgeois mediocrity of Louis Philippe's reign, the soul was dead in classicism, and it survived only as a dogma of

the schools. Meanwhile new forces had been let loose. Goethe had sounded the romantic note in Germany, and Byron and Scott amongst the English. The younger generation in France had caught the ardor of it, and what Victor Hugo was in literature, Géricault and Delacroix were in painting. For the abstract type they substituted the individual; for ideal beauty the interest of character; for suavity and plastic calm the glow and fury of passion. Passion—love and hatred, remorse and despair—became the life and breath of the movement. Géricault's "The Raft of Medusa" had been its bugle note of rallying and defiance; and when he died at the early age of thirty-two, Delacroix, now twenty-three, stepped into his place. In 1822 appeared his "Dante's Bark," at sight of which David exclaimed: "D'où vient-il? Je ne connais pas cette touche-là." Indeed, "there were thoughts in it which had not been conceived and expressed in the same manner since the time of Rubens." For besides "the dramatic expression and composition marked by action" which Delecluze, in characterizing Delacroix's next picture, "Massacre of Chios," declared was a reef on which the good style of painting must inevitably be wrecked, it involved a force and meaningness of color such as the great Venetians and Rubens employed. Color was no longer merely tinting, sparingly and arbitrarily applied—it was the language in which the idea was conveyed, a torrent of emotional expression. How complete was the gulf between this kind of painting and the academical dogma that form is everything, may be understood by the remark of Ingres, as he was one day taking his pupils through the Louvre. Entering the Rubens Gallery, he said: "Saluez, messieurs, mais ne regardez pas."

And this was the same gallery that had been to Delacroix the mine from which he drew a wealth of inspiration. Throughout his life the influence of Rubens clave to him. Every morning before his work began he drew an arm, a hand, or piece of drapery, after the manner of Rubens. "He had formed the habit of taking Rubens when other people were drinking their coffee." These sketches, great works in little frames, such as the one in this collection, have, for the most part, it is said, found their way to this country. Yet there is a pathetic difference between the master and his disciple; Rubens was a being of joyous strength, happy and healthy; Delacroix a prey to disease, insulted on all sides, and consumed with an internal fire. In Rubens' work there is a magnificent repose; in that of Delacroix a feverish stress of battle. It was only by force of will and by careful dieting that his frail body sufficed for the enormous work he accomplished —two thousand pictures. Delicate from childhood, he suffered in later life a complication of diseases, and, like Goethe, could work only in a high temperature. He was short in stature, but had a leonine head with a mane of hair, flashing eyes, and a prickly mustache—"the fascinating ugliness of genius."

In 1832 he visited Morocco, in company with an embassy sent by Louis Philippe to the Sultan Muley Abdurrahman; the first of French artists to fall under the spell of the Orient. There he saw and lived amidst the splendor of color that hitherto had existed for him only on canvas or in his imagination. He had found a new world in which his dreams were realized. His coloring became more lucid and the dark backgrounds in which he had delighted were replaced by a bright serenity and golden

lustre. Under the direct influence of the Orient he painted such pictures as the "Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople," which has been described as resembling "an old delicately tinted carpet, full of powerful, tranquil harmony"; and "Algerian Women," the color effect of which has been compared to the impression produced by a glance into an open jewel casket. Of the men of the Orient he writes to a friend: "They possess nothing save a blanket in which they walk, sleep, and are buried, and yet they look as dignified as Cicero in his curule chair. How much truth, how much nobility in these figures! There is nothing more beautiful in the antique." And then he turned his attention to classic subjects, giving them, as in the "Medea," a modern reality of emotion. Biblical subjects, also, so far as they are imbued with dramatic and passionate movement, he treated. In fact, his range was immense; as Silvestre says, "In the course of forty years he sounded the entire gamut of human emotion, his grandiose and awe-inspiring brush passing from saints to warriors, from warriors to lovers, from lovers to tigers, from tigers to flowers." His critics called him "the tattooed savage who paints with a drunken broom." As for himself, he writes: "Every work is merely a temporary narcotic, a distraction; and every distraction, as Pascal has said in other words, is only a method which man has invented to conceal from himself the abyss of his sufferings and misery. In sleepless nights, in illness, and in certain moments of solitude, when the end of all things discloses itself in utter nakedness, a man endowed with imagination must possess a certain amount of courage not to meet the phantom half way, not to rush to embrace the skeleton." In 1835, at the instance of his

friend Thiers, he was commissioned to decorate the interior of the Chamber of Deputies in the Palais Bourbon, and thus commenced a series of mural paintings, the boldest and the most monumental of modern times. They include the "Triumph of Apollo," on one of the ceilings in the Louvre; a theme from the "Divina Commedia," in the Library of the Luxembourg; and wall paintings, amongst them "The Expulsion of Heliodorus," in the Church of Saint Sulpice. Shortly after the conception of these last he died; and, being dead, began straightway to live in the popular imagination. While during his lifetime he seldom got more than four hundred dollars for his largest paintings, the sale of the pictures he had left behind him netted the sum of one million eight hundred thousand dollars.

For the principles of art to which he clung, let himself speak. "This famous thing, the Beautiful," he once wrote, "must be—every one says so—the final aim of art. But if it be the only aim, what then are we to make of men like Rubens, Rembrandt, and, in general, all the artistic natures of the North, who preferred other qualities belonging to their art? In any case, there is no recipe by means of which one can attain to what is called the ideally beautiful. Style depends absolutely and solely upon the free and original expression of each master's peculiar qualities. Wherever a painter sets himself to follow a conventional mode of expression, he will become affected and will lose his own peculiar impress; but where, on the contrary, he frankly abandons himself to the impulse of his own originality, he will ever, whether his name be Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rubens, or Rembrandt, be securely master of his soul and of his art."

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

1824–1879

The qualities of William M. Hunt as a painter, and the personal charm of his character, as well as the fact that he was one of the earliest to return from study abroad, contributed to the influence that he exerted on his contemporaries.

He was born at Brattleborough, Vermont, in 1824; his father being a noted judge, and his mother a lady of rare mental gifts. At sixteen he went to Harvard, but through ill health was obliged to leave without graduating. With the intention of becoming a sculptor, he entered the Art Academy of Düsseldorf, but after nine months was attracted to Paris by the fame of the sculptor Pradier. The latter, however, was absent in Italy, so Hunt entered the studio of Couture. Later he studied with Millet at Barbizon, and became his enthusiastic admirer; buying as many of his pictures as he could afford, notably "The Sower" for three hundred francs, and inducing other Americans to buy them. Indeed, it is one of the honors of Hunt that he introduced the Barbizon pictures to this country, and advocated their merit persistently. By this time his faith in Couture had lessened, and he spent twenty years of his life trying to free himself from the influence that he had assimilated while in that master's studio.

For Hunt had undoubtedly a faculty for assimilation, the imitative faculty being stronger in him than the creative; and it is one of the criticisms made on his work that it reflects so much of the work of others. Granting the

truth of this, it must be admitted that his high feeling and good taste lead him instinctively to appreciate the best; yet still it remains a fact that Millet was a painter more likely to stir noble impulse than to instruct a student in matters of painting, and the help that he might have given in that of drawing—his supreme accomplishment—Hunt's predilection tempted him to neglect. He was by temperament a colorist, attracted by the mysteries of light and shade; and during his later life these problems occupied his increasing attention. No doubt the study was encouraged by his close acquaintanceship with John La Farge, who had a studio in Newport, where Hunt also settled on his return from Europe in 1855. Later he was called to Boston to execute a portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, one of his strongest works; and it was so enthusiastically received that he transferred his studio to Boston. There he became the centre of the artistic set, and gathered round him a body of pupils with inevitable detriment to his personal work. In 1878 he received a commission to paint two mural decorations in the Capitol at Albany, and executed "The Flight of Night" and "The Discoverer." But the time allowed for their execution was only fifty-five days; much of the work was done at night, and the strain upon him was overwhelming. Those who knew him intimately perceived a change in him; yet his sudden death the following year at the Isle of Shoals was a shock to the large circle of his admirers. Few, indeed, have been so personally loved as he was.

ÉDOUARD MANET

1833–1883

Manet completed what Courbet had begun. Both were reactionists against the pseudo-idealism of the Academy; both advocates of the first-eyed study of nature, restored by the men of 1830, though without the poetry of that school. They differed from one another much as mind from matter. Courbet sought what he assumed to be the *vérité vraie* viewing nature through the animal eye of a robust physique; Manet, on the other hand, was conscious that what he saw was only the impression of the object upon his particular temperament, and viewed nature with a pictorial intention. Courbet thought he was representing the actual thing, Manet was bent on giving pictorial expression to the impression he felt he had received of it.

He first appeared in 1861. Four years later two of his pictures were hung in the Salon des Refusés; and one of them, "The Scourging of Christ," had to be protected from the sticks and umbrellas of a public that felt outraged by what they termed its ugliness and sacrilege. In 1870 he exhibited from twenty to thirty pictures in his studio, and people began to say, "Manet is bold," with an inkling that he was after all a painter to be reckoned with. In the following year an exhibition was held at Nadar's of work by him and others who had been attracted to his point of view, and the critic, Claretie, summed up his remarks by styling it the "Salon des Impressionistes."

The name stuck, and Manet was regarded as *le maître impressioniste.*

He was born in 1833, in the Rue Bonaparte, exactly opposite the École des Beaux Arts. At sixteen he entered the navy and made a trip to Rio de Janeiro. Upon his return he determined to devote himself to art, and entered the studio of Couture, remaining with the master of "The Decadent Romans" nearly six years. Then he travelled extensively, and began to form his painting upon the work of the old masters. His first picture, "The Child with the Cherries," painted in 1859, reveals the influence of Brouwer, while the double portrait of his parents, which received an honorable mention at the Salon in 1860, was painted in the old Bolognese style, while "The Nymphs Surprised," exhibited the following year, was a "medley of reminiscences from Jordaens, Tintoretto, and Delacroix." Then he discovered Velasquez, and began to find himself.

At the beginning of the sixties France came under the influence of the great Spaniard's serious feeling for color, and Manet was his first enthusiastic pupil. Bürger praised Velasquez as the "peintre le plus peintre qui fût jamais," and it has been remarked that, as far as concerns the nineteenth century, the same may be said of Manet, whose influence, directly and indirectly, has penetrated modern painting. Henceforth his point of view became more and more individual and more and more essentially and exclusively pictorial. He cares nothing for subject, except in so far as it may be made contributory to the pictorial idea he has in mind. He painted, for example, a nude woman sitting on the grass in company with two gentlemen in every-day costume, and shocked a public who forgot that

the Venetians did the same, and with similar motive—to contrast the beauties of flesh and fabrics. Again, he paints "The Angels at the Tomb of Christ," largely as a study of pallid limbs and white drapery; for he has imbibed the coloring of Velasquez, the delicate grays, the whites and blacks and cool rose-colors, and imparts to each an intrinsic beauty of tone and combines them with sensitively discriminated tone-values. The secret of this is Velasquez's also—the rendering of the pervasive atmosphere that in nature brings all the colors into harmony. He envelops the objects and figures in ambient atmosphere that fills in the spaces of his picture and unites its planes, and no longer models with shadows but with light, the actual light of out of doors.

In 1870 the outbreak of war interrupted his work, and he joined the Artists' Company of Volunteers, becoming a lieutenant and having Meissonier as his colonel. Upon the return of peace he resumed his art, and henceforth the great problem for him was the rendering of light and atmosphere. The pictures in which he was entirely Manet belong to this later period. He was a man of the world, and with his wife, the daughter of an eminent Dutch musician, moved in the best society of Paris; a wit, an elegant, a modern, *jusqu'au bout des ongles.*

In 1880 he received, through the exertion of his friend Antoine Proust, a medal of the second class, the only one awarded to him. The dealer Duret began to buy his pictures; Durand-Ruel followed suit; and so did M. Faure, the opera singer, who owns some five and thirty examples. But Manet did not live long to enjoy this recognition; on April 30, 1883, he died from blood poisoning, following upon the amputation of a leg.

But his influence has survived. *Fiat Lux* was his watchword, and the emancipation from academic tradition which the landscape painters had secured, he secured for the painters of the figure. To the truth of form that the realists had attained he added the truth of color, as affected by the power of light. This union does not embrace the whole of art, but pretty nearly all the craftsmanship of painting. It is as a painter that he is to be estimated and has made his influence felt. The influence of Manet, both upon the painter's point of view and the painter's method of expression, remains and will remain. *Manet manet et manebit.*

HOMER D. MARTIN

1836–1897

The bare statement of the life of Homer Martin, the most impressive poet-painter among American landscapists, can be given in a few words. He was born in Albany, and studied painting under William Hart; lived and painted for a while in Normandy; returned to America, spending his summers in the Adirondacks and the winters in New York; and towards the end of his life moved out West, where he died. The bigger story of his life is recorded in his pictures.

Notwithstanding his early lessons, he was essentially his own teacher, being one of the first landscape painters to realize by intuition that the character and spirit of the scene was of more value than the mere summary of its

component details. His aim was to reveal in his pictures the impression which nature made on his imagination; and his imagination was not one to be interested in trifles. He was a man of intellectual eminence; of rich intellect, tempered with tenderness; and the qualities in nature that attracted him were the elemental ones. If he painted the twilight hour, it was with the feeling that this particular twilight was but the repetition of a phenomenon as old as time, and with a sense of the age-worn strength and stability of the earth and of the immensity of the sky, a vast fluid ocean of light, connecting this individual fragment of circumstance with the big order of the universe. If he painted a desolate scene, as in the "Sand Dunes," he gave it something of primeval isolation; while a bright and happy subject, such as that of the "View on the Seine," in the Metropolitan Museum, stirs the imagination to feel happiness to be the product of aspiration. His last picture was "Adirondack Scenery," painted in the West under every disadvantage of failing health. But he had so thoroughly absorbed the character and beauty of the scene that even at a distance he could give it out of himself on to the canvas.

This was characteristic of his way of studying nature. A brother artist tells how he called upon him after he had been away for five months in the country. "Well, Martin," he said, "you have got, doubtless, a lot of material for pictures; where are your studies?" "There"—the painter pointed to a little study on the wall made in early spring. "In the face of nature," exclaimed his astonished friend, "for five months, and one sketch! What in the world have you been doing?" "Letting it soak in," quietly replied the artist.

The quality of Martin's mind was broad as well as deep. He was a man of infinite jest as well as a thinker, and as gentle as he was virile. Those who knew him best loved him most, and feel that the strength and beauty of his intellect and imagination are most completely mirrored in his pictures.

GEORGES MICHEL

1763–1848

A pioneer without honor, born before his time, and living to see his theories justified, but the credit of them enjoyed by younger and greater men, Georges Michel is at once a figure and a nonentity in French landscape art. The insipidities of Van Loo, Boucher, and Fragonard had disgusted thinking men, and while Vien and his great pupil, David, sought reform in the classic manner, Michel reverted to the sincerity and simplicity of the Dutch landscapists, Van Goyen, Hobbema, and Ruisdael. But the spirit of the times, notwithstanding talk of the rights of man and a return to nature of Rousseau's dream, was as far from nature as could be. The need of resting on something after the upheaval of the Revolution, and the predominating influence of David, drew all attention toward the classic, and Michel was ignored. Yet he had anticipated the great revival of the men of 1830, and in a manner also the tendencies of the Romanticists. But when these swam into favor, they and the stream of popularity

passed him by. He was too old and broken in spirit, and the younger men were in every way more brilliant and accomplished; and even such posthumous recognition as he has obtained was tardy and none too cordial.

Yet his pictures have an inherent force that "enables them to hold their own upon a wall against the good work of far greater men." For it is a force of personality, the intensity of a deep and strong character forced back upon itself, of strong yearnings baffled by an insufficiency of expression and pent within themselves; for his technical resources were limited, his drawing uncertain, his handling labored, although his color, within its narrow range of blues and russet browns and greens, is individual and full of suggestion. His favorite subject was the plain of Montmartre, with its receding distance and large skies, where sun and shadow, storm and fair weather equally exhibited their larger aspects. These he recorded with a bigness and depth of feeling and a sympathy akin to imagination that lifts his work to the plane of poetry.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1814–1875

While the artistic atmosphere was torn with the cries of partisans, Millet had ears only for the cry of the soil. The peasant of Gruchy is the epic painter of the nineteenth century's newly discovered conception of the dignity of work. Nor does he blink the inherent curse of

it—the sweat and pain of labor; the distortion of body and premature age; the strait conditions and unhonored death —but out of the completeness with which the life conforms to its environments he discovers its dignity. Narrow in his sympathies, for he ignored the lives of other toilers not connected with the soil, his concentration upon the chosen theme is so intense, sincere, and simple, that his pictures are akin to the amplitude and typical completeness of Greek art and to the stupendous ethical significance of Michael Angelo's. Trivialities are disregarded; there is scarcely even any detail of secondary importance in his pictures, everything being so completely merged in the one single motive. And the latter is embodied in such terse and vigorous simplicity, with such pregnancy of meaning and grand, serene harmoniousness, that in his best pictures one feels the truth to have been stated once and for all—to be, in its way, a classic.

Millet was born in 1814, in the village of Gruchy, near Cherbourg, and from the age of fourteen to that of eighteen worked on his father's land. But he had always a taste for drawing, and at last his father consulted a M. Mouchel, in Cherbourg, as to whether he had talent enough to gain his bread by painting. Mouchel's reply was favorable, and he and another painter of Cherbourg named Langlois, commenced to teach the young man, who was now twenty. The studies, however, were cut short two months later by the death of Millet's father, and it was only after an interruption of three years that a subsidy from the community of Cherbourg, collected by Langlois, and the savings of his family, permitted him to start for Paris. Herculean in frame, uncouth in manner, *l'homme des bois*, as his fellow-students called him, the

young peasant entered the studio of Delaroche. But the pictures of the master made no appeal to him, seeming to be "huge vignettes, theatrical effects without any real sentiment"; and Delaroche, after having been first of all interested in his new pupil, lost patience with him. He left the studio within the year. Then followed eleven years of penurious living and misplaced effort. He tried to paint in the style of Boucher and Fragonard, which drew from Diaz the criticism: "Your women bathing come from the cowhouse." He turned out copies at twenty francs, and portraits at five, and painted signs for taverns and booths. He had married and, his wife dying after three years, remarried. Then, in 1848, he exhibited "The Winnower," a characteristically peasant picture. It sold for five hundred francs.

This was the turning-point of Millet's career. His friend Jacque proposed that they both should migrate to Barbizon. With their wives and five children they reached Ganne's Inn, just as the dinner hour had assembled twenty persons at the table—artists with their families. Diaz did the honors and invited them to smoke the pipe of peace which hung above the door in readiness for newcomers. As usual, a jury was appointed, to judge from the ascending rings of smoke whether the new painters were to be reckoned among the Classicists or Colorists. Jacque was declared to be a Colorist. Difference of opinion being held concerning Millet, he exclaimed: "Eh bien, si vous êtes embarrassés, placez-moi dans la mienne." "It is a good retort," cried Diaz. "The fellow looks powerful enough to found a school that will bury us all."

Millet was thirty-five when he settled in Barbizon and picked up again the broken thread of his youth, resum-

ing once more his contact with the soil and with the laborers in the fields. Henceforth he gave himself up unreservedly to painting what he knew, regardless of criticism or contempt. At first he boarded with a peasant, and lived with his family in a tiny room where wheat was stored. Later he rented a little house at a hundred and sixty francs a year. In winter he sat in a work-room without a fire, in thick straw shoes, and with an old horse-cloth about his shoulders. Under such conditions was "The Sower" painted. Meanwhile he was often in dire straits. Rousseau and Diaz helped him with small sums. "I have received the hundred francs," he writes to Sensier, "and they came just at the right time; neither my wife nor I had tasted food for four and twenty hours. It is a blessing that the little ones, at any rate, have not been in want." It was only from the middle of the fifties that he began to sell, at the rate of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred francs a picture. Even in 1859 his "Death and the Woodcutter" was rejected at the Salon. Rousseau was the first to offer him a large sum, buying his "Woodcutter" for four thousand francs, under the pretence that an American was the purchaser. Dupré helped him to dispose of "The Gleaners" for two thousand francs. At length, in 1863, he was commissioned to paint four decorative panels of the "Seasons" for the dining-room of the architect Feydau. They are his weakest work, but established his reputation. He was able to buy a little house in Barbizon, and henceforth had no financial cares. At the Exposition of 1867 he received the Grand Prix, and in the Salon of 1869 was a member of the Hanging Committee. He lived to see his "Woman with the Lamp," for which he had received a hundred and

fifty francs, sold for thirty-eight thousand five hundred at Richards' sale. "Allons, ils commencent à comprendre que c'est de la peinture serieuse."

He went about Barbizon like a peasant, in an old red cloak, wooden shoes, and a weathen-beaten straw hat. Rising at sunrise, he wandered over the fields and through the farmhouses, intimate with all the people and interested in their daily doings. His study was an incessant exercise of the faculty of observation, to see and to retain the essential, the great lines in nature and the human body. This marvellous quality is particularly apparent in his drawings, etchings, pastels, and lithographs. They are not merely studies, but pictures in themselves. He divests his figures of all that is merely accidental, and in his simplification reaches by the smallest possible means the fullest expression of the salient truth. And the decisive lines which characterize a movement are so rhythmic and harmonious that he attains to an altitude of style.

Even as a child he had received a good education from an uncle who was an ecclesiastic, and had learned enough Latin to read the Georgics of Virgil in the original text. He knew them almost by heart, and cited them continuously in his letters. Shakespeare filled him with admiration, and Theocritus and Burns were his favorite poets. He was a constant reader, and more cultivated than most painters; a philosopher and a scholar.

In January, 1875, he was stricken with fever, and died at the age of sixty. His grave is near Rousseau's at Chailly, and the sculptor Chapu has wrought their two heads side by side in bronze on the stone at Barbizon.

CLAUDE MONET

All his life intolerant of restraint, Monet in his art has been rigidly self-disciplined. As a boy he skipped school on fine days, and as a young man found Gleyre's studio impossible for him; was acquainted with the pictures of the Louvre, but never tried to draw them, and in every way sought to emancipate himself from the traditions of the old masters and the influence of contemporaries. On the other hand, from the day that Boudin directed his attention to nature he never deviated from the study of it. And his study of it has been most exacting; for in the pursuit of nature's fugitive qualities of light, air, and movement, he has imposed upon himself a minute examination of these qualities as they present themselves during some brief portion of the day. He never yields to the pleasantness of generalizing or to the enthusiasm which might tempt him to linger over a canvas beyond the limit of the hour it represents. As soon as the slightest change in the conditions arises, he betakes himself to another canvas, having sometimes as many as ten in process of execution at the same time. His work being based entirely on analysis, without any help from temperament, and on analysis of the most searching kind, only a man of his great physical strength could possibly support the strain. Nor are his pictures accomplished quickly, as some suppose. At the first sitting he covers his canvas with a complete sketch, summarizing the effects that he is studying; but on subsequent days he works deliberately; thinking out the value of each stroke, juxtaposing and superimposing (seldom mixing) the virgin pigments; building up a solid

impasto that will not darken, but is growing riper and mellower with time.

Monet is a "Parisian from Paris," born there March 2, 1840. But five years later his family moved to Havre, where his boyhood was spent. His earliest efforts in drawing were caricature portraits, for which, by the time that he was fifteen, he began to find purchasers at prices ranging from ten to twenty francs. He was already "famous," and, as he himself says, "nearly choked with vanity and self-satisfaction. Still there was a shadow in all this glory. Often in the same show-window I beheld, hung over my own productions, marines that I, like most of my fellow-citizens, thought disgusting. And at heart I was much vexed to endure this contact, and never ceased to abuse the idiot who, thinking he was an artist, had the self-confidence to sign them—this idiot was Boudin." The dealer urged Monet to meet Boudin, but he resisted, until a chance meeting in the store brought him face to face with the man who was to change the whole tenor of his life. Boudin praised the caricatures, but hoped that the young man would not rest satisfied with such work, and urged him to study nature. It is curious, in the light of Monet's future, that what repelled him then in Boudin's pictures was their fidelity to nature; they had nothing artistic, he thought, and their fidelity struck him as more than suspicious. So while he was drawn to Boudin personally, he rejected over and over again his invitation to accompany him sketching, until the older man's persistent kindness at last prevailed. "I gave in finally," he says, "and Boudin, with untiring kindness, undertook my education. My eyes at last were opened, and I really understood nature and learned at the same time to love

it. I analyzed it in its forms with a pencil and studied it in its colorations." He was now resolved to become a painter; and, having saved two thousand francs, started for Paris with a letter of introduction to Troyon. The latter recommended him to enter the studio of Couture, which he declined to do, and at this juncture met Pissarro, who was then tranquilly working in Corôt's style. Monet followed his example; but during his stay in Paris, which lasted four years, he made frequent visits to Havre, and was really governed by the advice of Boudin, "although inclined," as he says, "to see nature more broadly."

He had now reached his twentieth year, the period for conscription, which his parents hoped might be utilized to get him back to commercial life. He refused, however, all compromise; and, drawing an unlucky number, managed to get drafted to Algeria, where for two years he thoroughly enjoyed himself, collecting those impressions of light and color that were to be the germ of his future researches. Then he was invalided home; and his father, yielding at last to his persistence, bought him out of the army, on condition that he put himself under the discipline of some well-known master. Upon the advice of Toulmouche, who had married one of his cousins, he entered the studio of Father Gleyre. After he had been there a week the master came round to criticise, and found fault with the realism of his study from the living model: "I want you to realize, young man, that when one executes a figure one should always think of the antique. Nature, my friend, is all right as an element of study, but it offers no interest. Style, you see, style is everything." Monet waited for a week or two, so as not to exasperate his family, and then quitted the studio; inducing his fellow-

students, Renoir and Sisley, to accompany him. Some time before, he had met Jongkind in the country, and now saw him frequently in Paris, and this artist completed the teaching that he had received from Boudin.

In 1865 he exhibited two marines at the Salon, and the following year "The Woman in Green," which, upon the opening day, many took to be a work of Manet's, congratulating the latter, much to his chagrin. This was Monet's last appearance at the Salon. By 1867 his manner had shaped itself—it was *plein air;* but, though he was beginning to experiment with effects of light and color, he had not yet adopted the principle of the subdivision of colors. In 1869 he met Manet, and became one of the group of younger men who gathered round Manet in a café at Batignolles. There he associated also with Degas, Fantin-Latour, Sisley, Renoir, Cezanne, Whistler, Zola, and others, who formed what the members called "l'École des Batignolles." When war was declared with Germany, he had just married, and took his wife to London, where he found Bonvin and Pissarro. He was in much distress until Daubigny, who was then painting scenes on the Thames, introduced him to Durand-Ruel. The latter began to take his pictures, and for fifteen years was almost the only purchaser of his work, and that of Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley. The public, however, was still shy of buying their pictures, and Durand-Ruel was compelled to restrict his orders. Then Petit and Boussod took their work, and the public, seeing it in the hands of other dealers, grew more confident and began to buy. "To-day," as Monet says, "every one appreciates us in some degree."

It is very true. Some painters have been directly in-

fluenced by them; and there are very few who have not been affected indirectly; while the public, though it may still jibe at out-and-out impressionism, has learned more and more to look in other men's work for the qualities to which the Impressionists have given currency. Moreover, the number is increasing of those who find this new gospel of landscape painting admirably satisfying. Instead of introducing them to a vision of nature filtered through some painter's more or less poetical temperament, it brings them face to face with nature herself in her subtlest manifestations of light and air and movement, and leaves them as in the presence of nature to extract for themselves the poetry and personal feeling. The very objectivity of this so-called impressionism is its most winning feature. It opens a window through which we get the consciousness, not of a picture, but of nature herself.

ADOLPHE MONTICELLI

1824–1886

In his early period Monticelli showed a very strict observation of nature; later he stands forth as a magician of color, with a brain that transferred everything into a brilliant fantasy of colors—colors that have the wild melody and heedless luxuriousness of gipsy music.

He was born October 24, 1824, at Marseilles, whither his family had migrated from Italy. After passing through the art schools of that city, he betook himself to

Paris in the middle of the forties, and, through his friendship with Diaz, was brought into connection with picture dealers and purchasers. Having means, he built himself a handsome studio, and affected the manners of an old Venetian, dressing in velvet costumes and wearing a large gray Rubens hat. Napoleon III. bought pictures of him, and towards the end of the second empire he was on the road to fame. Then came the crash of 1870. He returned to Marseilles, and there remained until his death in 1886, resisting all attempts of his friends to lure him back to Paris, and troubled with no ambition or desire of fame. "Of an evening he could be seen walking with a dignified gait through the streets of the city, carrying in each hand a little wooden panel covered with colors, which he disposed of to a dealer for a small sum. He lived in the simplest manner, in a single room, with a bed, an easel, and two chairs, the only thing he valued being a red silk curtain over the window, which bathed the room in a purple light." His conversation was studded with phrases that he invented for his own personal enjoyment, the unintelligibility of which confirmed his neighbors in the belief that he was mad; a theory supported by his own belief that he had had a previous existence at Venice in the time of Titian. In appearance he is said to have been a handsome old man, walking with a large, impressive stride, and having a grave, majestic countenance, thick white hair, and a long beard which fell deep upon his chest.

"In all his work," says Muther, "Monticelli appears as an 'artist incomplet.' The majority of the figures which give animation to his scenes are clumsily drawn; they are not planted well upon their feet, and move auto-

matically, like awkward marionettes. But the suggestive power of his painting is very great. Everywhere there are swelling chords of color, which move the spirit before the theme of the picture has been recognized." For in his extravagantly fantastic way he was aiming at the purely abstract pictorial quality for which Whistler strove, only with a juxtaposition of primary colors instead of the subtler harmonies of their complementaries. But, as with Whistler's impressionistic work, his pictures have abandoned form for the purely pictorial quality of tone. His figures lose themselves in a chaotic composition, and reappear as notes in a bewitching harmony of color.

AUGUSTE RENOIR

Renoir early determined to become a painter, and, as his parents were not rich, he worked in a porcelain factory in his native town of Limoges, painted pictures in the cafés, and sold little subjects to the stores, until he had gained sufficient to enable him to study in Paris. Arriving there in 1860, at the age of nineteen, he entered the studio of Gleyre, having Sisley and Bazille as fellow-pupils, and remaining for four years, until, at Monet's prompting, they all abandoned it. During this time he was seen at the Salon in a portrait of Sisley's father, which procured him several other commissions. He was working then in an ultra-romantic vein, scoring his first success at the Salon with a picture entitled " Esmeralda." The woman is dancing at night in the Place de Grève; there is a fire in the

foreground, and crowded all around are cripples and loafers, the towers of Notre Dame being seen dimly in the background. This was the last of his genre pictures. He waited with impatience the closing of the Salon to scrape the picture out and set himself to make landscapes after nature; a thing forbidden by the professors at that time, and particularly by M. Gleyre.

Then misery began; pictures or sketches, brown with bitumen, would sell, but not his serious studies. Happily, portraits did not fail him, thanks to friends. Before the beginning of hostilities in 1870 he shared a studio with Bazille, whose death during the war cut short a career of great promise. Meanwhile, since leaving the studio of Gleyre in 1864, he had been the intimate of Monet, and the two friends, under each other's inspiration, made rapid progress. In 1868 he exhibited at the Salon "The Woman in White," which showed a tendency towards his new style of painting; timid enough, yet at the period sufficient to arouse hostility and to secure his exclusion from the Salon until 1880, when his "Portrait of Madame Charpentier" was accepted. But long before this he had ceased to concern himself with official honors. One of the little group that circled round Manet at the Café Guerbois, on the Avenue de Clichy, he joined in the exhibition at Nadar's in 1871, which stamped on "l'École des Batignolles," as they called themselves, the outside title of Impressionists. In 1874 Monet, Degas, Pissarro, Sisley, and himself held the first of the separate exhibitions, and their work received the support of M. Durand-Ruel. The latter had been introduced in London to Monet and Pissarro four years earlier by Daubigny, and now staked his reputation and money upon the new men.

As Durand-Ruel had bought the Barbizon pictures, he now bought those of the Impressionists, and published an album of three hundred etchings, in which, side by side with the celebrated works of Rousseau, Corôt Dupré, Troyon, etc., figured reproductions of pictures by Manet, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Puvis de Chavannes, and Sisley. Yet, at the very start of this new period of recognition, Renoir had to share with Monet and Sisley a severe blow at the sale of their pictures at the Hotel Drouot, in 1875. However, it had its compensations, for the violent attacks of the press, the public, and the painters stimulated the appearance of defenders, whose numbers have since been continually increasing.

Among the pictures of the Impressionists, Renoir's are conspicuous for their elegant luxuriousness. Whether painting a landscape or a figure, he floods it with sunshine, and paints its soft, sensuous caress on foliage, water, or the human flesh; and always with such lightness of feeling. Though he coaxes from his subject its ripest tints, the colors have the quality of bloom upon fruit—silky or velvety, glowing with manifestation of healthy life. The animation of his sunlight is always tender as well as joyous. It is the smile upon the warm, mobile face of nature that he has painted in the "Bordighiera" of this collection; and it is the exquisitely engaging tenderness of mirth that he gives to his pictures of young girls and children. In these he renders with fascinating skill the differing softness of flesh and hair, the fragrant radiance of flesh, and the quiver of delicate expression.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

1812–1867

Like a voice crying in the wilderness—the parched, arid, spiritless wilderness of classical landscape—the influence of Constable at the Salon during the years from 1822 to 1827 prepared the way for the new birth of French landscape. The times were ripe for change, and his nature study, with its search for air, light, color, and movement, gave the impetus and direction. France bestowed on him a gold medal, but in his own England he was ignored and died in poverty, bequeathing a similar legacy of neglect to the brave, humble souls in France who dared to follow him.

Of these, Rousseau grew to be the acknowledged leader. The son of a tailor, who lived in the Rue Neuve-Saint Eustache, No. 14 au quatrième, he is said as a boy to have shown a special aptitude for mathematics. But his heart must have been elsewhere, for Bürger-Thoré, writing a dedicatory letter to his exhibition of 1844, says: "Do you still recall the years when we sat on the window ledge of our attics in the Rue de Taitbout and let our feet dangle at the edge of the roof, contemplating the chaos of houses and chimneys which you, with a twinkle in your eye, compared to mountains, trees, and outlines of the earth? You were not able to go to the Alps, into the cheerful country, and so you created landscapes for yourself out of these horrible skeletons of walls. Do you still recall the tree in Rothschild's garden which we caught sight of between two roofs? It was the one green thing that we could see;

every fresh shoot of the little poplar wakened our interest in spring, and in autumn we counted the fallen leaves."

About this time Rousseau must have been in the studio of the classicist Lethière; later he competed for the Prix de Rome, but his "historical landscape" was fortunately found wanting. Then he took his paint boxes and wandered over to Montmartre, the scene of Michel's striving after nature. His first little picture, "The Telegraph Tower," was painted in 1826. In the Salon of 1831 he appeared, in company with the others who were shortly to foregather at Barbizon. His first excursion to Fontainebleau was in 1833, and the following year he painted his first masterpiece, "Côtes de Grandville." It was awarded a medal of the third class; but this concession to genius was followed by many years of rejection from the Salon. For Rousseau, as the master of the new brotherhood, the most dangerous because the least to be controverted, fared worse than the others at the hands of officialdom, and, by consequence, in popular estimation. It is the old story—that of mediocrity getting even with a genius, that cannot be ignored, by rewarding its followers instead. So Troyon, Dupré, and Diaz were admitted to the Legion of Honor before Rousseau. It is true they were older men, but, in the estimation of the sturdy Diaz at least, that should not have counted, for when, at the banquet given in his honor, he rose upon his wooden leg to respond to the courtesies, his sentiment was: "Here's to our master who has been forgotten!" Officialdom had to admit him the following year, but never conferred the higher rank of Officer of the Legion, though his position as chief of a section of the jury at the Universal Exposition of 1867 warranted it—almost, in fact, demanded

it. How keenly the omission hurt him, may be inferred from a paper discovered after his death, on which he had begun a protest to the emperor; and the insult very probably hastened his end, which came the same year. For some time previously his life had been saddened by pain and illness. He had married a poor, unfortunate creature, a wild child of the forest, the only female being he had found time to love in his life of toil, and after a few years she went mad. He was urged to put her in confinement, but saw his duty otherwise, keeping her and tending her until his own brain became affected. As he lay dying his mad wife danced and sang and the parrot screamed. He was laid to rest in the village churchyard at Chailly, near Barbizon, in a spot that looked out upon the forest; and Millet set over his grave a simple cross upon an unhewn block of sandstone, and a tablet with the legend, "Théodore Rousseau, Peintre."

One of two attitudes of mind distinguishes a landscape painter's view of nature—he either sees in her, as Corôt did, a response to his own emotions, and selects such subject and mood as will correspond with his own mood; or he looks at her objectively, as worthy of herself to be loved, studied, and portrayed. The latter was Rousseau's way. In his art he was a naturalist; in his mental attitude he became a pantheist. Nature was to him an actual, sentient creature, with anatomy, expression, and breath, independent of the moods of man, and only related to man as all the parts of the universe are related to one another in various degrees of subordination. Dispassionately analytical, his purpose was to possess himself of truth—the truth of the tree, its sap and structure, its firm grip within the strong-ribbed earth, the play of its leaves in

light and air; and so with every natural form. He would discover not only the fact of its growth and character, but the fact also of its relation to its surroundings. Except Rembrandt, no one has ever had such a profound knowledge of nature's forms. For a time, in his middle period, this passion for form, which amounted to a kind of nature-religion, led him to feel that all natural features, even the most insignificant, were important, and for a while his pictures were crowded with detail and lost the balanced dignity of his best works.

In these, nature is interpreted with a grandeur of conception. Her fundamental, basic, inevitable qualities are dwelt upon; her power and permanence, bulk and volume; her ceaseless compliance with the laws of the universe; her passionless moods and separate existence outside of man. As Turgenief wrote: "The last of thy brothers might vanish off the face of the earth and not a needle of the pine trees would tremble." Completely objective as the conception is, it attains to poetry, reaching by its searching logic to the big, insoluble mystery above, beyond, and within this elaboration of cause and effect. Its truth is beauty; and while there is no infusion of man's sentiment, either great or small, there becomes revealed the underlying harmony of matter and matter's laws.

ALBERT P. RYDER

Through the teaching of his first master, William E. Marshall, who had been a pupil of Couture, Albert P. Ryder is supposed to have been influenced by the latter.

He may have imbibed thence a feeling for warm tonality of color; but the color sense is a natural gift, and Mr. Ryder has developed his, apart from this tonal tendency, in a manner quite individual to himself. Individuality, in fact, is his predominant characteristic. Its quality is imaginative—an imagination very serious and elevated, as in the beautiful little "Moonlight" in this collection. He is best where incident or detail scarcely or only vaguely enters into his conception, as in the "Moonlight" already mentioned. In this the theme is immensity, solitude, the witchery of moonlight, and a hint of weirdness, at the same moment awesome and enchanting.

Mr. Ryder was born at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1847, and after studying with William E. Marshall, the engraver, became a pupil of the National Academy. In 1877 and 1882 he visited Europe. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, and has his studio in New York.

ALFRED SISLEY

1840–1899

Though of English origin, Alfred Sisley was born in Paris, and the greater part of his life was spent in France, the last twenty years at Morêt. The story of his art life is interwoven with that of the other Impressionists. He is with Renoir in the studio of Gleyre until Monet induces them to leave it; he mixes with the other kindred spirits

at the Café Guerbois in Batignolles; is with Monet in London during 1870, and is then introduced by Daubigny to M. Durand-Ruel. In 1874 he is one of the group organizing their first separate exhibition, receiving his share of the abuse so lavishly bestowed upon this band of new painters. In the latter part of his career he was estranged from Monet, having an ungrounded suspicion that the latter had prejudiced his reputation and had thus unfairly eclipsed him in people's estimation, and his pictures of this period suffer from his mental worriment.

After leaving Gleyre's studio he worked at Marlotte, and later at Hampton Court, on the Thames, and in London; but the region of his warmest regard was on the outskirts of Fontainebleau, along the banks of the Seine and its tributary, the Loing, in the little towns of Morêt and Saint Mammés. At the Salon he exhibited only twice, but was an associate of the Champ de Mars.

The picture in this collection, though an early one, is characteristic. It is one of many snow scenes in which he has expressed the silence and immobility of winter with extraordinary realism. It exhibits, also, the quiet, unexaggerated way in which nature appealed to him. The picture is one of indefinable sadness, rather than of deep intensity of feeling. The same gentle view appears in his spring pictures, fledged with tenderest green, melting in quiet atmosphere. Even in the scenes of summer, the light is never riotous or even glowing, but soft and lambent. His autumns have the gentle melancholy of approaching winter. Nor are these qualities the result of a merely dreamy, meditative spirit. He was a keen analyst, very sensitive by nature, and delighting most in the study of the underlying subtleties of normal nature.

TIZIANO VECELLI

1477–1576

Tiziano Vecelli was born about 1477, at Pieve di Cadore, a district of the Southern Tyrol, then belonging to the Republic of Venice. He was the son of Gregorio dei Conti Vecellio by his wife Lucia, the father being descended from an ancient and honorable family of the name of Guecello (or Vecelli) established in the valley of Cadore.

At the age of nine, according to Dolce * in the "Dialogo della Pittura," or of ten, according to Tizianello's † "Anonimo," Titian was taken to Venice to study painting. Dolce says that Zuccato, the mosaic worker, was his first master; that he next passed into the studio of Gentile Bellini, and thence into that of Giovanni Bellini (which Morelli questions), and finally became the pupil and partner of Giorgione. Although the last named was the same age as Titian, his genius had ripened earlier, and his influence was dominant in shaping the art of Venice. Beginning with the example of Giovanni Bellini, he infused into art the mystery and complexity of life, and through the force of color expressed its fulness of sensuous yearning, mingled with spiritual aspiration. Titian carried the style to its highest pitch of material splendor, the vigor of his mountain nature counteracting the marked sensuousness of his art, except in his later interpretations

* Ludovico Dolce, a friend of Titian's.

† Tizianello, Titian's cousin, thrice removed, dedicated in 1622 to the Countess of Arundel an anonymous life of the master known as Tizianello's "Anonimo."

of female beauty, and giving to his representations of humanity—especially to his portraits of men—a dignity that has never been surpassed. His paintings are an epitome of the glowing harmonies of Venice and of the pride and energy of her people.

The death of Giorgione in 1511 marks the beginning of the end of Titian's Giorgionesque period, the apogee of which was reached in the so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" of the Borghese Gallery, which Herr Wickhoff would rename "Medea and Venus," and in "The Three Ages" of the Bridgewater collection. In 1511 he was invited to Padua, where he executed the frescoes in the Scuola del Santo. In 1513 he petitioned the Doge and Signori for the first vacant broker's patent for life, on the same conditions and with the same changes as were conceded to Giovanni Bellini, and the request was granted. But the venerable painter declined to sit still under the encroachments of his dangerous competitor, younger than himself by half a century, and secured a reversal of the order. Titian returned to the charge with a petition for the particular office which was to become vacant on Bellini's death, and this offer was accepted by the Council. Bellini died in 1576, and Titian was now the undisputed master of Venetian painting.

About this period he produced, among other masterpieces, the "Young Man with a Glove" of the Salon Carré; the "Assumption of the Virgin," painted as an altar piece for the Church of the Frari, and now at the Academy at Venice; and the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the National Gallery. The last he executed for Duke Alfonso I. of Ferrara, who became his firm friend and patron, and figures with his future wife, Laura Dianti, in

the picture in the Louvre. In another picture in the Prado, a cavalier holding a mirror to a lady was identified as a portrait of Alfonso, until Carl Justi, the biographer of Velasquez, brought forward convincing arguments to show that it cannot be that prince, but may probably be his son, Ercole II. If this be the case, then, according to Claude Phillips, the portrait in the present collection which has been known as a portrait of " Giorgio Cornaro " must be, in reality, a portrait of this Ercole II., since a comparison of this picture with the one in Madrid results in something like certainty that in both the same person is portrayed.

The first fifty years of Titian's life closes with the two superb altar pieces, " The Madonna di Casa Pietro," in the Church of the Frari, and the " Martyrdom of Saint Peter the Dominican," which, until its destruction by fire in 1867, adorned the altar of the Brotherhood of St. Peter Martyr in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. In 1527 Titian met Pietro Aretino, and a friendship began which was to endure until Aretino's sudden death many years after. The two, together with Sansovino, formed a so-called triumvirate for the mutual furtherance of material interests and the pursuit of art, love, and pleasure. Aretino's past had been infamous, and his pomp at Venice was based upon an organized system of sycophancy, scurrilous libel, and blackmail, so that the personal reputation of Titian has suffered from the friendship. Yet Aretino was a man whom princes showed themselves eager to propitiate, and it is not unnatural that his influence should seem invaluable to Titian, the worldly wise, the lover of splendid living, to whom ample means and the favor of the great were a necessity. But that he himself ever de-

scended to Aretino's grossness there is no evidence or even probability. His wife died in 1530, and the following year Titian moved to Biri Grande, a sumptuous villa with beautiful gardens overlooking Murano, the Lagoons, and the Friulian Alps. It was inevitable that the epicureanism that saturated his life should show its effect on his art. His pictures are less informed with imagination and more interpretative of the pride of life. It is the period of splendid nudities and great portraits, of a serenely sensuous and completely masterful expression of craftsmanship.

Invited to Bologna, he painted the Emperor Charles V. and the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici. On another occasion, in the same city, he painted the Pope Paul III., and the following year accepted the Pope's invitation to visit Rome, where he again executed his portrait, with Cardinal Farnese and Ottavio Farnese; and even in his eighty-fifth year journeyed to Augsburg and painted "Charles V. at the Battle of Muhlberg," now in the Prado. Of his only daughter, Lavinia, he painted many portraits, introducing her figure also into other pictures, as in the "Ecce Homo."

In 1556 Aretino, throwing himself back in his chair in a fit of laughter, slipped upon the polished floor and was killed. In the years that followed, magnificent sacred subjects, of which a noble example is the "Christ Crowned with Thorns" at Munich, are interspersed with classical compositions, such as the "Diana and Actaeon." Titian's method continually became broader and more impressionistic, the colors more subtle in harmony and bathed with atmosphere. Near the end of his career he produced the "Nymph and the Shepherd "of the Vienna Gallery, a work

separated by nearly seventy years of the painter's life from the "Three Ages," yet possessing the same exquisite freshness of inspiration. But the daylight and brilliant harmonies of the early picture are replaced in this one by evening and a luminous monochrome of embrowned silver.

Finally he commences the "Pietá," now in the Academy of Venice. It was to be offered in payment for a tomb in the Church of the Frari, but some misunderstanding arising with the monks, it was left unfinished, and completed by Palma Giovine. In the mingling of eloquent passion and statuesque repose of this picture the painter was composing his own swan song. He died in 1576, a victim of the plague which carried off a quarter of the 190,000 inhabitants of Venice. Notwithstanding the panic of the time and the disagreement with the monks, his body was interred in the Capella del Crocifisso in the great Church of the Frari.

ANTOINE VAN DER HEUVEL

Van der Heuvel, called Don Antonio, was born at Ghent in 1600. After studying with Gaspar de Crayer he visited Italy, and on his return settled in Ghent.

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR

Julian Alden Weir and his elder brother, Prof. Walter Weir, of the Yale Art School, are the sons of Robert Walter Weir, who was for forty years instructor of drawing at West Point Academy. He received his early training from his father, and then entered the École des Beaux Arts and became a pupil of Gérôme, being intimately associated in his student days with Bastien-Lepage. He returned home in 1878, being included in that body of younger men whose work immediately produced a profound impression in this country. One of the founders of the Society of American Artists, he separated from that organization in 1898 to assist in forming the group of the "Ten American Painters." Mr. Weir's studio is in New York, but much of the year is spent at his farm in Branchville, Connecticut.

Here he paints the landscapes that represent, perhaps, the most charming feature of his art, combining vigor of feeling and method with a most subtle appreciation of the spirit of the scene. They are essentially examples of the *paysage intime*, with all the freshness and fragrance of the simple countryside and a fine interpretation of the human significance of this phase of nature. His figure work has a gracious distinction, especially when the subject involves a study of girlhood, the sweet mystery of which he renders with a searching delicacy of truth.

CATALOGUE

SALE AT MENDELSSOHN HALL

FORTIETH STREET, EAST OF BROADWAY

ON FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14TH

BEGINNING AT 8.30 O'CLOCK

CURRIER

(C. D.)

N°. 1

Study of a Head

The head, three-quarters in view, is tilted slightly back and towards the left shoulder, the eyes looking up. The features are fleshy and ripe in color; the dark hair, crowned with vine leaves, merges into a dark background, and a loose white collar falls over a coat of brownish red.

Height, 15⅜ inches; width, 14 inches.

MICHEL

(GEORGES)

N°. 2

Montmartre

In the twilight appears a dull, drab-green road, curving to the left beneath a bluff of ground on which are a clump of trees and cottages, the whole elevation forming a mass of olive green and various brown tones. Beyond the spur of ground is a dim view of the plain, vanishing to a flat horizon, broken by a single building. Overhead is an expanse of pale, white-lighted sky.

Height, 9⅛ inches ; length, 12⅞ inches.

From the sale of the collection of William H. Fuller, February, 1898.

No. 2 of Catalogue

Montmartre

GEORGES MICHEL

No. 2 of Catalogue

Montmartre

GEORGES MICHEL

HUNT

(WILLIAM MORRIS)

N°. 3

Portrait of a Boy

The head and bust of a boy, face to the front, a little towards the left of the observer. The wavy olive-brown hair shows against a dark-brown background; the features are delicately modelled in flesh tints of a warm white, and the dark eyes are wide open with an expression of tender seriousness. He is dressed in a black tunic with white ruffles at the neck, puffs of the same material on the sleeves, and two slashes down the front.

Height, 18¾ inches; width, 14¾ inches.

VAN DER HEUVEL

(ANTOINE)

N°. 4

The Quack Doctor

From a booth on the right of the picture projects a platform on which stands a quack doctor proclaiming to a crowd of villagers the merits of his specifics, that are contained in a number of little pipkins on a table at his side. He is dressed in a magenta coat laced with gold, trunks of the same color, and flap boots, and wears a large black hat with scarlet feather, and a sword at his side. Behind the doctor a "jack-pudding" is performing comical antics, and a grotesque face is peeping through the curtains of the booth. At one corner of the platform a boy in blue costume is gesticulating to the crowd, foremost among the latter being a man with a wooden leg, while at the back appears a man on a white horse.

Signed at the left.

Height, 20⅛ inches; width, 17 inches.

RYDER

(ALBERT P.)

N°. 5

Moonlight

In a greenish-blue sky saturated with light, the full moon is poised between two black clouds, forked like the wings of bats. Dark against the silvery flood of light, and dipped in the darker blue furrow of a wave, is a drifting boat, with a figure in the bows and a jagged scrap of canvas flapping from the mast.

Height, 15 inches; length, 17 inches.

From the sale of the William T. Evans Collection, January, 1900.

CHASE

(WILLIAM MERRITT)

N°. 6

Portrait

Against a whitish-drab wall is seated a lady of Spanish type, in white flowered dress and saffron silk shawl, holding a pink fan. She faces us, her elbow resting on the back of a green chair, and the hand supporting her face.

Signed at the right.

Height, 25½ inches; width, 14⅜ inches.

Portrait of Mrs. C., purchased from the artist.

No. 6 of Catalogue

Portrait

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE

No. 6 of Catalogue

Portrait

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE

No. 7 of Catalogue

Reflections

J. ALDEN WEIR

No. 7 of Catalogue

Reflections

J. ALDEN WEIR

WEIR

(JULIAN ALDEN)

N°. 7

Reflections

Beside the gilt frame of a mirror stands a girl in profile, her figure seen to a little below the waist. Her left hand rests upon the hip. She wears a large black feathered hat, and a feather boa of the same color, over a bodice of silvery green silk damasked with red flowers. In the mirror appears her reflection, three-quarters full, the face and hand, by comparison with the reality, grayer in tone and the dress a deeper blue.

Height, 32¾ inches; width, 23⅛ inches.

From the artist.

BUNCE

(W. GEDNEY)

N°. 8

Venice

Near the centre of the picture, in a vapory sky that is strained over the heavens like a web of black thread, hangs a pale moon, soaking the immediate horizon and staining the water with primrose. Domes and towers show along the level shore in sooty silhouettes, and a sailboat is moored in the middle distance on the right. The glare of the headlight drips upon the surface of the water and dyes the under part of the sails a tawny orange. The picture is an arrangement of primrose, drab greens and blues, and sooty black.

Signed at the left.

Height, 28¼ inches; length, 35¾ inches.

Purchased from the artist. Awarded Bronze Medal, Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1900.

No. 8 of Catalogue

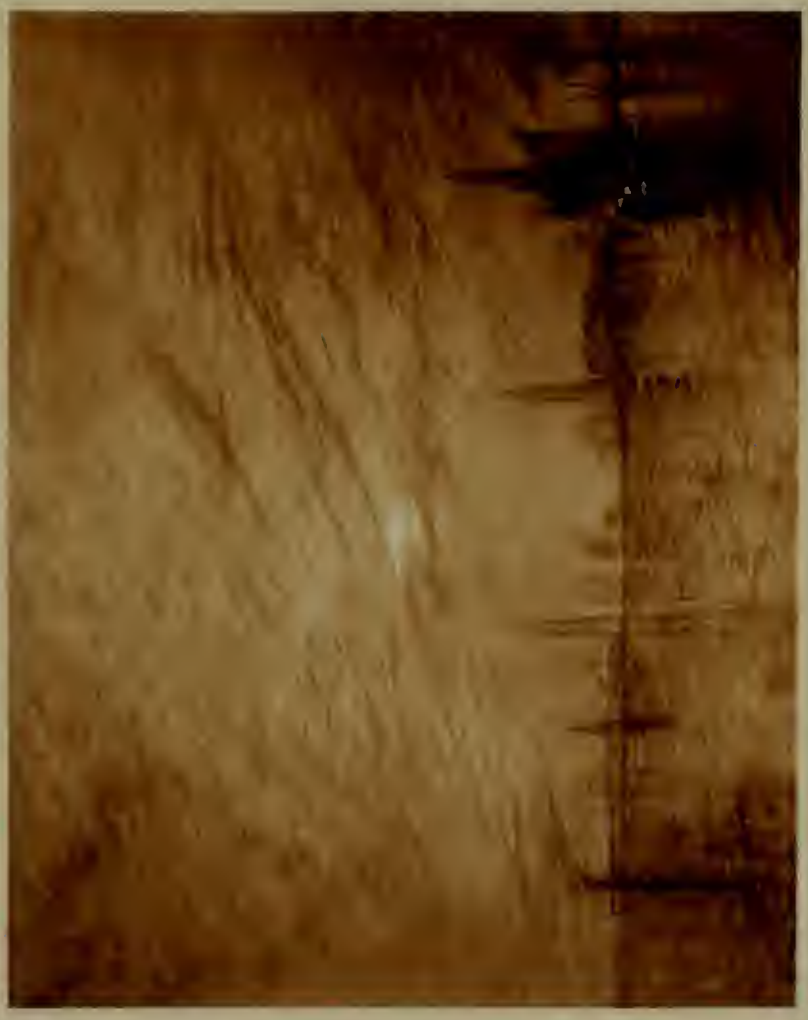
Venice

W. GEDNEY BUNCE

No. 8 of Catalogue

Venice

W. GEDNEY BUNCE



No. 9 of Catalogue

Coast of Portugal

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

No. 9 of Catalogue

Coast of Portugal

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

ROUSSEAU

(THÉODORE)

N°. 9

Coast of Portugal

The blue sea breaks with a roll of pale blue foam into a little cove on the right of the picture, walled in by rocks. The latter curve to the left and are cut out into bastions, glowing with warm light, against a blue sky in which float large white clouds.

Height, 11 inches; length, 17¼ inches.

DEGAS

(HILAIRE GERMAIN EDGARD)

N°. 10

Loge des Danseuses

Pastel

The scene is a dressing-room opening into another one at the back, each with a toilet table before which a girl is standing. The one in front, seen from the waist up, has a yellow corset over her chemise, and is arranging her hair. On the wall to her right hangs a fluffy skirt, and her shadow is seen on the closed leaf of the double French door. In the magenta-colored room beyond a girl in hose and trunks is fastening her corset.

Signed on the right at the top.

Height, 6½ inches; length, 9 inches.

No. 11 of Catalogue

Les Coulisses

H. G. E. DEGAS

No. 11 of Catalogue

Les Coulisses

H. G. E. DEGAS

DEGAS

(HILAIRE GERMAIN EDGARD)

N°. 11

Les Coulisses

On the left a bass fiddle lies on the floor, beside a high wainscot of brown woodwork, surmounted by a pale olive-green wall. In the centre, fronting us, a woman in bluish-white ballet skirt, with yellow sash tied in a bow, is stooping to adjust her shoe. Close behind her stands another woman in a bodice of deep blue and a white skirt with red sash, her arms upon her hips. At the back of the room the light streams through the muslin curtains of the windows upon a group of girls playing or attitudinizing, while to the left of them another stands back to the wall with one leg raised to a right-angle with her body.

Signed at the left.

Height, 15 inches; length, 34½ inches.

DEGAS

(HILAIRE GERMAIN EDGARD)

N°. 12

Les Courses

Across the lower part of the picture are seen the posts and rails, beyond which is a bunch of eight horses setting out for the starting post. They are chestnuts, bays, and browns, and the jackets of the jockeys are orange, gold, and blue, and one, pale straw color with green sleeves. In the centre of the picture is a horse and rider back to us, with a group of five to the right, and on the left a horse gently rearing with a jockey in a blue jacket. The course curves round toward the right, and in the distance below the dip of ground is a single horse and a rider in blue, the background of the scene being dullish brown slopes, spotted with yellow green.

Signed at the left.

Height, 15 inches; length, 34½ inches.

No. 12 of Catalogue

Les Courses

H. G. E. DEGAS

No. 12 of Catalogue

Les Courses

H. G. E. DEGAS

No. 13 of Catalogue

Effet de Neige à Moret

ALFRED SISLEY

No. 13 of Catalogue

Effet de Neige à Morêt

ALFRED SISLEY

SISLEY

(ALFRED)

N°. 13

Effet de Neige à Morêt

A study in browns, drabs, white, and slaty gray. An irregularly built stone cottage abuts on a walled-in alley-way, along which an old man with a stick is walking towards another man in pale-blue blouse, who stands before a door at the end of the passage. In front of the picture, against the cottage, is a shed formed of a broken wall and roof supported by posts, with a rough-barred gate across the side which faces us. Over the top of the wall at the right appear the naked branches of a tree, while poplars are faintly massed against the sky above the end of the passage.

Signed at the right, and dated '74.

Height, 25 inches; width, 20¾ inches.

RENOIR

(AUGUSTE)

N°. 14

Bordighiera

From an elevation covered with dark-green foliage in the lower left of the picture, one looks down at the sheet of water streaked with rose, pink, purple, and green. Beyond rises the cliff bathed in sunshine, its top bare, with rosy yellow rocks and lower slopes covered with trees, among which straggle white houses, the main part of the town stretching in terraces above the water.

Signed at the left.

Height, 25 inches; length, 31½ inches.

No. 14 of Catalogue

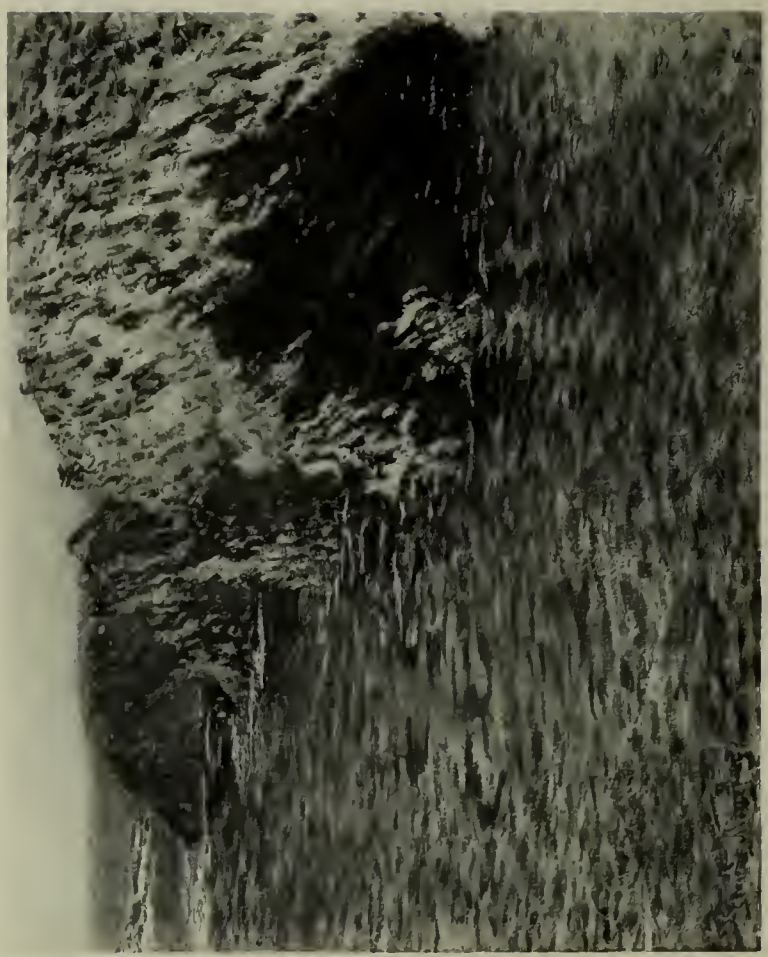
Bordighiera

AUGUSTE RENOIR

No. 14 of Catalogue

Bordighiera

AUGUSTE RENOIR



No. 15 of Catalogue

Grotte de Port-Domois—Belle-Isle, 1886

CLAUDE MONET

No. 15 of Catalogue

Grotte de Port-Domois—Belle-Isle, 1886

CLAUDE MONET

MONET

(CLAUDE)

N°. 15

Grotte de Port-Domois—Belle-Isle, 1886

A bold reach of rock juts from the right, the gray stone, rosy in the clear sunlight, honeycombed with shadows and deeply hollowed near the water. The latter is a cool green in the sheltered part, growing gradually bluer towards the horizon very high up in the picture. Above it the sky is simmering in tones of pink and gray.

Signed at the left, and dated '86.

Height, 25¼ inches; length, 31¼ inches.

MONET

(CLAUDE)

N°. 16

Rouen Cathedral: Tour d'Albane, Early Morning

This example of the famous Cathedral series shows the effect of early morning on some day when there is no mist, but the light is still soft and caressing. The lower part of the edifice is veiled in blue shadow, the recess of the west entrance slightly tinged with orange luminousness, and the enrichment of the architecture showing as a mottle of deeper and fainter shadow. The tower, reflecting the mild radiance of a dove-gray sky that melts towards the horizon into pale pink and primrose, blooms with rose and creamy yellow on its lighter side and with rosy violet on the other. A part of one of the houses in the square is shown upon the left of the picture.

Signed at the left, and dated '94.

Height, 42 inches; width, 28 inches.

No. 16 of Catalogue

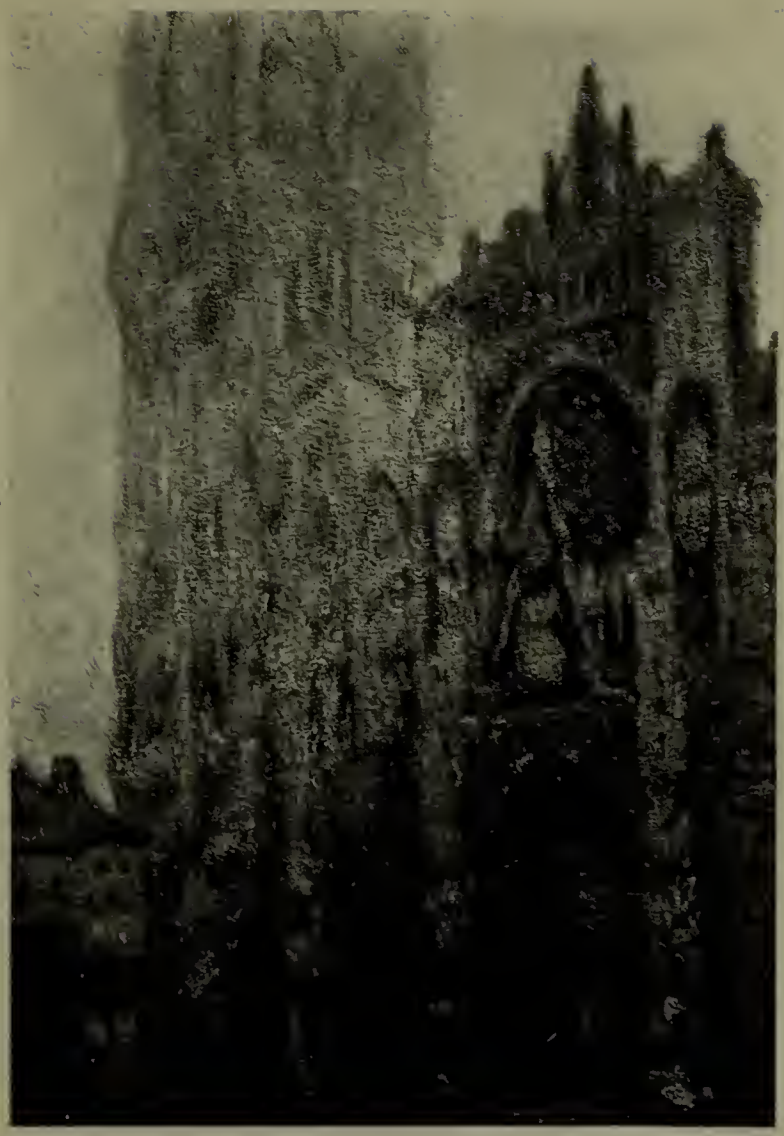
Rouen Cathedral : Tour d'Albane, Early Morning

CLAUDE MONET

No. 16 of Catalogue

Rouen Cathedral : Tour d'Albane, Early Morning

CLAUDE MONET



No. 17 of Catalogue

Sortie du Port de Boulogne

ÉDOUARD MANET

No. 17 of Catalogue

Sortie du Port de Boulogne

ÉDOUARD MANET

MANET

(ÉDOUARD)

N°. 17

Sortie du Port de Boulogne

The smooth sea, colored in various tones of lapis lazuli, is dotted with the black hulls and dark sails of fishing smacks, among which gleam an occasional white sail and the white smokestacks of a packet boat. From the paddle-wheel of the latter extends a wake of pale blue, and the fluster of brown smoke that wreathes above it makes a light-brown reflection on the water. A sailing vessel and two smaller craft appear on the horizon, above which is a sky drab on the left and growing blue towards the right.

Signed at the right. Initials "E. M." on the sail.

Height, 28 inches; length, 35½ inches.

Exhibited at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1900.

MANET

(ÉDOUARD)

N°. 18

Le Fumeur

A powerfully built man, whose light-brown beard is flecked with gray, sits facing us, his left elbow resting on a table, the hand holding a clay pipe in his mouth, while his right fist rests upon a pale-blue handkerchief laid across his knee. He wears a soft dark-brown hat with brim turned up all round, and an olive-brown coat buttoned under the velvet collar and sagging open as far as the waist. The figure, seen to the knees, is placed against a drab background, lighter on the left side of the picture.

Signed at the right.

Height, 38½ inches; length, 31 inches.

Reproduced in E. Bazire's Life of Manet.

No. 18 of Catalogue

Le Fumeur

ÉDOUARD MANET

No. 18 of Catalogue

Le Fumeur

ÉDOUARD MANET

No. 19 of Catalogue

The Ball of Fire

ADOLPHE MONTICELLI

No. 19 of Catalogue

The Ball of Fire

ADOLPHE MONTICELLI

MONTICELLI

(ADOLPHE)

N°. 19

The Ball of Fire

A swarm of gayly dressed people pass through the three doorways of a brilliantly lighted ballroom, cluster on the flight of steps, and throng the garden below. In front of the assemblage are a lady and gentleman, the latter in plum-colored doublet and crimson hose, to the left of whom is a lady with a mandolin. At the back of the picture on the right is suggestion of a lake, and a fountain, partly reflecting the shower of rosy flakes that appear amidst a glow of illumination in the sky.

Signed at the right.

Height, 23¾ inches; length, 25¼ inches.

DELACROIX

(EUGÈNE)

N°. 20

Le Gouvernement de la Reine

The key of the composition is a figure of Venus in pink floating drapery. By her side Mars, clad in helmet and cuirass, is stabbing a nude man, who, with arms upraised, is trying to escape. Crouching below the latter is a woman with blue drapery over her knee and snakes curling around her. On the left appears the figure of Apollo, an aureole around his head, a bow extended in his hand, while behind Venus sits Ceres, with green amber drapery around her waist and a garland of wheat on her head, her left hand held by a man bearing a wreath and staff.

Height, 19 inches; width, 12⅛ inches.

A free and very personal study of "Le Gouvernement de la Reine," one of the cartoons designed by Rubens for the decoration of the Luxembourg. The original is described at length in the official catalogue of the Louvre.—*Edinburgh Memorial Catalogue, French and Dutch Loan Collection, Edinburgh International Exhibition*, 1886.

From the collection of the late Daniel Cottier, Esq., London.

No. 20 of Catalogue

Le Gouvernement de la Reine

EUGÈNE DELACROIX

No. 20 of Catalogue

Le Gouvernement de la Reine

EUGÈNE DELACROIX

No. 21 of Catalogue

The Cliff at Villerville

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

No. 21 of Catalogue

The Cliff at Villerville

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

DAUBIGNY

(CHARLES FRANÇOIS)

N°. 21

The Cliff at Villerville

The high ground, overlooking the water, rises towards the right to a bunch of scrub trees and roofs of cottages, then dips again. In the hollow are cows, and three more on the upper level. Beyond the green-blue water, on which are two sailboats, is seen the distant blue of the other shore, stretching horizontally a little below the middle of the picture. The sky is gray, with glints of blue and a few tufts of white cloud.

Signed at the left, and dated '74.

Height, 19½ inches; length, 31½ inches.

From the sale of the collection of William H. Fuller, February, 1898.

MILLET

(JEAN FRANÇOIS)

N°. 22

Landscape

The picture lifts us on to a mountain plane and projects our vision into space. Above and all around is an immense blue sky, rinsed clear of earth mists, with white clouds, gathered into balloons or trailing in long shreds. The larger masses are shadowed on the top, for the sun is lower down, behind the observer's back. The slope of ground suggests a mountain top, with brown and green rocks and torn scrags of tree stems, and over the brow of it is seen a beast peering down into the space below.

Height, 31⅛ inches; length, 38¾ inches.

From the Albert Spencer Collection.

No. 22 of Catalogue

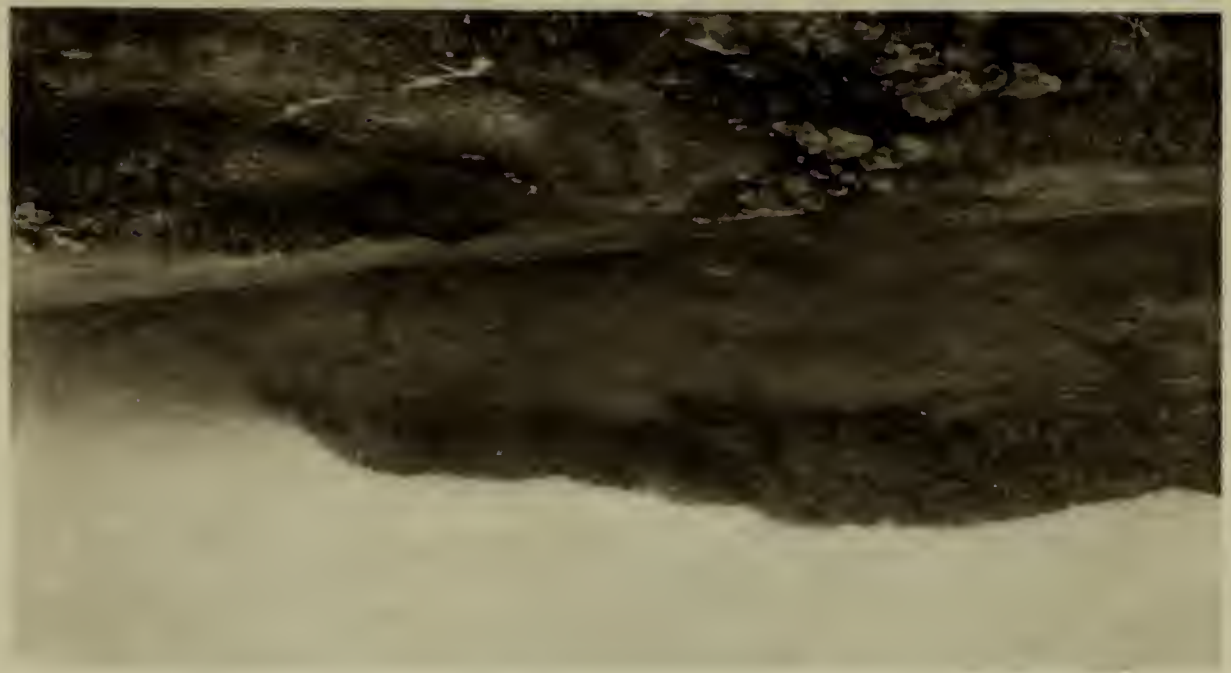
Landscape

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

No. 22 of Catalogue

Landscape

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET



No. 23 of Catalogue

Westchester Hills

HOMER D. MARTIN

No. 23 of Catalogue

Westchester Hills

HOMER D. MARTIN

MARTIN

(HOMER D.)

No. 23

Westchester Hills

A very characteristic example is the "Westchester Hills," because it is at once so powerful and so free from any of the small and perfectly legitimate devices to attract attention; a picture that in its massive sobriety of brown and white (for such, very broadly speaking, is its color scheme) makes no bid for popularity; in a gallery it might escape the notice of a careless visitor, and grows upon one's comprehension only gradually. In the gathering gloom of twilight we are confronted with a country road crossed by a thread of water and bounded on the right by a rough stone wall. The road winds away from us, skirting the ridge of hill, which slumbers like some vast recumbent beast against the expanse of fading sky. The dim foreground and shadowed mass are grandly modelled: strength, solidity, and bulk contrasted with the tremulous throbbing of the light. This contrast of rude, tawny ground with the vibration of a white sky recalls a favorite theme of the French painter Pointelin; but one feels that a comparison of his pictures with the "Westchester Hills" is all in favor of the latter. Both painters have felt the solemn loneliness of nature folding her strength in sleep, the mystery of darkening and of the lingering spirituality above, but Martin is the grander draughtsman of the two, suggesting with far more convincingness the solid structure of the earth. So we are made to realize that the phenomenon is not merely one that he has noted or that we might note, but one that through countless ages has manifested itself as part of the order of the universe.

Its significance is elemental. We may attribute this to the better drawing, or, with far more justice, to the superiority of intellect that could embrace this larger conception and find the means to express it. And in studying the means, let us not overlook the essential grandeur of the color—not of the brave or passionate kind, but sober with a concentration of subtle meaning that discovers infinite expression in the minutest variations of the homely browns and yellows, which in the shadow yield nothing but their strength and quietude. And then what a wonder of suggestion in the sky! It is not only lighted, but quivering with light: an elastic fluid that extends as far as one's

imagination can travel in height and breadth and depth. These limitless skies are a characteristic of Martin's pictures. He does not seem to have been attracted so much by cloud forms, or to have been given, as it were, to building castles in the air; but his imagination loved to free itself in the far stretches of ether, the circumambient medium through which the waves of light travel. His skies are brushed in with firm assurance; it is a pleasure to peer into the canvas and study the sweep and exultation of the strokes, and then to step back until distance blends them into a unity of ranging grandeur. And just as Corot said of himself that he was "like a lark pulsing forth its songs amid the gray clouds," and his skies have the vibrative quality of violin music, so there is music in these skies of Martin's, only it is that of the organ and the diapason stop.—Charles H. Caffin, "Brief Appreciations of some American Painters," N. Y. *Sun*.

Signed at the right.

Height, 32 inches; length, 60 inches.

From the sale of the collection of William T. Evans, January, 1900.

No. 24 of Catalogue

St. Sebastian

J. B. C. COROT

No. 24 of Catalogue

St. Sebastian

J. B. C. CORÔT

COROT

(JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE)

No. 24

St. Sebastian

The scene is an undulating tract of country, rising on the right of the picture. In the foreground is a small grove of beech trees, their foliage meeting in a kind of arch through which appears a twilight sky, dragged with blue, white, and pink. Horse soldiers are visible above the brow of the hill, beginning the descent. Extended upon a white cloth is the limp form of St. Sebastian, supported by a woman in a blue mantle, who draws an arrow from the saint's body. His head droops forward over the right shoulder and one arm hangs loosely, the back of the hand resting on the ground with the fingers curled inwards. To the right kneels another woman with a white drapery over her head and shoulders, who is rinsing a sponge in a bowl. Overhead float two infant angels, one holding a crown, the other a palm branch, and a warmer glow irradiating from them touches the upper foliage, the rest of the picture being saturated with cool evening light.

Signed at the right.

Height, 50½ inches; length, 33¼ inches.

NOTE.—Corôt painted more than one of this subject. The largest went to the Salon of 1853, afterwards in the Exposition Universelle of 1867.

In 1851 Corôt wrote to Constant Dutilleux: "I am at this moment

working upon an historical landscape embellished with a Saint Sebastian succored by some holy women, and with care and work I hope under the guidance of Heaven to make a lovely picture."

The Salon picture was returned unsold to the painter, and he did a good deal more work on it. It went again to the Exposition of '67, but again came back, and Corôt once more set to work on it as he felt there was a lack of aerial perspective in the subject. He opened up the trees and enlivened the picture throughout, and in several ways improved it.

In 1871 he presented the Salon picture, now also in this country, to the promoters of the Lottery held to aid the orphans left by the victims of the late war.

Exposition du Centenaire de Corôt, 1895.

Collection Defossés, Paris, 1899.

No. 25 of Catalogue

L'Espérance

PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

No. 25 of Catalogue

L'Espérance

PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

(PIERRE)

N°. 25

L'Espérance

The date of this picture (1872) is significant—France, so recently under the heel of the invaders, even now gathering herself together for the work of peaceful restoration. The crisis affected her artists in different ways, plunging Raffaelli, for example, into pessimism, eliciting the optimism of Puvis de Chavannes.

He pictures the vision of hope as a maiden clad in white, fair-haired like the daughters of Northern France, with blue eyes fixed upon the future, holding a spray of oak, symbol of civic triumphs. The sun has sunk; a low ridge of deep blue hills and browned tree tops showing against the rosy horizon, over which are layers of dove-gray cloud—a twilight sky that tells of past tumult and bespeaks a fairer morrow. The light is tender behind the girl's head, more sullen above the top of the sloping hill-land, a drab waste of uncultivated ground whose only crop is ruined farmsteads and two grave-mounds crowned with rude crosses. The maiden sits upon a heap of fallen masonry, her slender form, supported on the right hand, in profile, her head and bust turned towards us. Bright little flowers are already growing in the crannies of the stones and around her feet, where the earth is fledged

with tender herbage. The foreground of the picture—the present, as it were—is quickening into new life, the background of the past is not without its promise; only the middle distance, immediately behind her, is forlorn and desolate.

Signed at the left, and dated.

Height, 39 inches; length, 49 inches.

TITIAN

(TIZIANO VECELLI)

N°. 26

Portrait of Giorgio Cornaro

A fine blend of noble assertion and persuasive sweetness distinguishes this portrait of a gentleman in the prime of life and health. The figure, set against a dark background and clad in a black velvet doublet, is rather more than half length, and facing to the right. The strong head is carried high and crowned with black curly hair, the face having the fresh color that comes of an open-air life. The eye is full, penetrating, and yet gracious, the nose long and clean-cut, the mouth supply curved, a fringe of black upon the upper lip, and the chin and cheeks bearded with curly hair. His left arm is extended in front, and perched upon the gloved wrist is a falcon with gray spreckled breast and black plumage on the wings and head, which he caresses with his right hand, that also holds the bird's hood. The head of a hound with black forehead and white muzzle appears in the left corner of the picture.

This well-known picture, from the collection of the Earl of Carlisle at Castle Howard, has been known as a portrait of Giorgio Cornaro, on the strength of an inscription at the back of the canvas: "Georgius Cornelius; Frater Catterinæ Cipri et Hierusalem Reginæ." The per-

sonage in this portrait, however, bears a striking resemblance to the cavalier who is holding a mirror to a lady in another picture of Titian's at Madrid. The latter, from a fancied likeness to the picture of Alfonso I. and Laura Dianti at the Louvre, had been assumed to be also a portrait of that duke, until Carl Justi, the biographer of Velasquez, proved it could not be so. But he thinks it may be a portrait of his son, Ercole II., in which case it would seem necessary to apply the same title to this so-called "Cornaro."

Titian never produced a finer picture than that which now adorns the gallery of Castle Howard. Cornaro stands as large as life at a window, and his frame is seen to the hips. His head, three-quarters to the right, is raised in a quick and natural way, and his fine, manly features are enframed in short chestnut hair and a well-trimmed beard of the same color. On his gloved left hand a falcon without a hood is resting, of which he is grasping the breast. He looks at the bird, which is still chained to his finger, as if preparing to fly it; a sword hangs to his waist, which is bound with a crimson sash; a fur collar falls over a brown hunting coat, and a large white, liver-spotted hound shows his head above the parapet.

There is no sign of a touch in this beautiful work, which is modelled with all the richness of tone and smoothness of surface which distinguish polished flesh. The attitude is natural, the complexion is warm and embrowned by sun, and every part is blended with the utmost finish, without producing want of flexibility.

A copy of this picture was formerly owned by Signor Valentino Benfatto, of Venice. See the Addenda of Zannotos Guida of 1863.

The original at Castle Howard was engraved, 1811, by Skelton.—From "The Life and Times of Titian" of Crowe & Cavalcaselle, 1881, Vol. 2, page 18.

Signed at the left, TICIANVS F.

Height, 42¼ inches ; length, 37⅜ inches.

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